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We have a choice assortment of these exceedingly pretty materials, novel in style, and exquisite in colourings.

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Our collection for this Summer far surpasses anything we have previously shown, and we strongly recommend ladies to write for Patterns.
Printed goods are again very popular; the new designs are exceedingly novel and pretty; no one mention is low at the most prominent:—

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PATTERNS POST-FREE.

ZEPHYRS.—To commemorate our collection would occupy too much space. Our choice is unlimited; we have at least 1000 different patterns to select from:—
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40 New Colours, 46 in. wide, 1s. 11½d., 2s. 6½d., 2s. 9½d. per yard.
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VICTORIA: QUEEN AND EMPRESS.

A JUBILEE MEMORIAL.

BY G. BARNETT SMITH,

AUTHOR OF "THE LIFE OF HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN," "SHELLEY: A CRITICAL BIOGRAPHY," "THE LIFE OF GLADSTONE," "POETS AND NOVELISTS," ETC.

PEACE HATH her victories no less renowned than War," sings Milton, in one of his noblest sonnets; and if the reign of our most Gracious Sovereign, Queen Victoria, has been marked by brilliant and successful wars, it has been still more distinguished for the triumphs of peace. The victories of the intellect are greater and more enduring than those of the sword; and Liberty, ever the foremost force in the progress of man, will do more ultimately to bind nations and peoples together than all the achievements of warriors or the ambitions of Kings. The Victorian epoch has been pre-eminently the epoch of universal advancement. Never in the history of the world has there been witnessed a period of such continuous and uninterrupted progress. During its course, England has founded her Empire anew, not by the invincible valour of her soldiers or by her sovereignty of the sea, but by the achievements of statesmanship, science, literature, and the arts. Man has been lifted in the social scale; he has been enfranchised, and given a place of dignity in the State; hoary monopolies have fallen, never to rise again; the poor and the degraded have had the hand of sympathy and charity held out to them; and amongst the teeming millions of this mighty Empire there is not one class or race whose lot has not been ameliorated beyond all that could have been imagined or conceived fifty years ago. It is this redressal of wrongs, this raising of the people intellectually, socially, and morally, which gives to the Jubilee of Queen Victoria its grandest significance. Her Majesty's reign has been synonymous with good and righteous government. England has, indeed, in the fine words of Tennyson, made "the bounds of freedom wider yet"; and, though much may yet remain to be done, we may well own to a feeling of joyful amazement over the stupendous achievements of the past half-century. And now we put forward this sketch of our great and constitutional Sovereign—beloved, perhaps, as no Monarch was ever beloved before—while millions of the Anglo-Saxon race are celebrating, or preparing to celebrate, one of the most auspicious events in our national history.

The Princess Alexandrina Victoria—for in such order did her Majesty receive her names at the baptismal font—was the only child of Edward, Duke of Kent, and her Serene Highness Mary Louisa Victoria, daughter of the Duke of Saxe-Coburg Saalfeld, widow of Emich Charles, Prince of Leiningen, and sister of Prince Leopold. For some time after their marriage the Duke and Duchess of Kent resided at the Castle of Amorbach, which had been left in possession of the Duchess by her first husband; but when there was hope of an heir being born to the Duke, he resolved that his child should first see the light on British soil. His anxiety for the safety of his wife was so great that he himself drove the carriage throughout the whole of the land portion of the journey from the Castle of Amorbach to Kensington Palace, where they arrived early in April, 1819, accompanied by their daughter, Princess Feodore. The Duchess, who was of elegant appearance, possessing, moreover, winning manners and [illegible] might now frequently be [illegible] in Kensington Gardens. But early [illegible] as was the custom of the [illegible] to the care of one of her own sex, Dr. [illegible] and on the 24th of the month of Great [illegible] born. At the very early hour of four in the morning the joyful news was announced to the Privy Councillors and Ministers of State, who were waiting in the adjoining room, and the Royal infant was presented to them. These "potent, grave, and reverend [illegible]" of the Duke of Sussex, the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Duke of Wellington, the Chancellor, Earl Bathurst, the Bishop of [illegible] and the Countess [illegible] as [illegible] Royal babe was [illegible] a Sovereign who gave promise of [illegible] until she Princess Victoria was born, and she seemed at once to take the place of that beloved favourite, Princess Charlotte, whose loss was deeply mourned. "Look at her well," the Duke of Kent was wont to say, as he exhibited his babe cardingly to his friends, "for she will yet be Queen of England." The words proved to be prophetic, though several lives as yet intervened to prevent their fulfilment. What an illustrious ancestry this infant Princess had—her progenitors taking her back through the Guelphs, the Stuarts, the Tudors, the Plantagenets, the Normans, and the Saxons, to Alfred the Great and to Egbert, the first sole Monarch of England! Under the circumstances, her baptism was naturally a very imposing ceremony, and it took place with much splendour in the Grand Saloon of Kensington Palace on June 24. The Royal gold font was brought up from the Tower in honour of the occasion, and the saloon was magnificently decorated. The Prince Regent stood sponsor to his niece in person, and the other sponsors were the Emperor Alexander of Russia, represented by the Duke of York; the Queen Dowager of Wurtemberg, represented by the Princess Augusta; and the Duchess Dowager of Coburg, represented by the Duchess Dowager of Gloucester. The Prince Regent usually adopted a somewhat high and mighty tone with his brothers, and even during this joyous ceremony this peculiarity was manifested. When he was asked by the Archbishop of Canterbury to designate the infant, the Prince of Wales gave only the name of Alexandrina, after his friend the Czar Alexander; and when the Duke of Kent requested that another name might be added, he said, "Give her her mother's, then; but it cannot precede that of the Emperor." It is said that he also wished her to receive the name of Georgiana; but she was actually baptised in the names of Alexandrina Victoria. Both the names are, strangely enough, united in a beautiful little garland called the Alexandrine or Victory laurel, with which the brows of the Greek heroes were crowned after their triumphs. The Duke and Duchess of Kent showed their superiority to mere popular traditions by having their child vaccinated when she was three months old; and the Princess Victoria was thus the first member of the Royal family to receive the benefit of the great discovery by Sir William Jenner.

Very pleasant is it to learn that the Duchess of Kent took her infant treasure close to her, nursing her, and watching her develop into a vigorous and beautiful childhood. This maternal solicitude followed her illustrious offspring until the eyes of the devoted parent were closed in death. Fearing a London winter—and there were some very inclement ones during the first quarter of the present century—the Duke and Duchess conveyed their daughter down to Sidmouth, on the east coast of Devon, in the month of December. They took possession of Woolbrook Cottage, and had not been here many days before the Princess Victoria had the first of those providential escapes from death which too frequently attend upon Royalty. A mischievous youth, while shooting at some birds, discharged his gun so near to the nursery window that the shot penetrated one of the panes and passed close to the head of the child. The Princess fortunately sustained no injury. The Duke of Kent revelled in the enjoyment of the quiet life of Sidmouth after the turmoil of London, and took the keenest delight in the engaging ways of his little daughter. But this time of happiness was all too brief. A few short weeks sped past, and then the Duke was stricken down. He had taken a long walk in the rough wintry weather, and, returning to the cottage, had been so engrossed by the winning smiles of his infant daughter that he had neglected to change his wet boots. Being hot and tired, he took a severe chill; inflammation of the chest ensued, with high fever, and on Jan. 23, or a fortnight from the time of his seizure, the Duke died. For five nights his devoted wife had kept her constant vigils by his side. By a will made only a few hours before his death, the Duke left his widow sole guardian to their only child, with assistance from his executors, Captain Conroy and General Wetherell. The Duke of Kent was, perhaps, the best of the sons of George III. He was frank, open-hearted, generous, and sincere; a Liberal in politics, distinguished for considerable ability and culture, and ever ready to support benevolent and philanthropic institutions and enterprises. His Royal Highness was buried by torchlight at Windsor, on Feb. 13, the Duke of York being the chief mourner, supported by the Dukes of Clarence, Sussex, Gloucester, and Prince Leopold.

Not a week elapsed from the death of the Duke before old King George III. was gathered to his fathers. He expired at Windsor, on Jan. 29. As one thinks of the aged Monarch, with his bitter trials and sorrows, and his mental gloom, the vivid picture which Thackeray gives of him in "The Four Georges" rises to the memory, and we say of him as was said of the old blind King Lear:—

> Yet not his ghost; oh, let him pass! he hates him much
> That would upon the rack of this rough world
> Stretch him out longer!

George III. died on a Saturday, which has always been a strangely fatal day for the Royal family of England. In the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries the following Royal personages all died on this day of the week:—William III., Queen Anne, George I., II., III., and IV., the Duchess of Kent, the Prince Consort, and Princess Alice.

Great as was the grief of the Duchess of Kent over the loss of her husband, and comparatively friendless and alone as she stood in England, she did not hesitate as to the course demanded of her for her child's sake. "I gave up my home," she proudly said some time afterwards, "my kindred, and other duties, to devote myself to a duty which was to be the sole object of my future life." The Duchess personally received the addresses of condolence voted by the Houses of Parliament. The Royal widow appeared in deep weeds, with her infant in her arms. The baby Princess had large blue eyes, a beautiful bloom, and a fair complexion. Wilberforce, who saw her before she was a year old, described her as "a fine, animated child." She bore a striking resemblance to the lamented Princess Charlotte. Towards the close of 1820 the Duchess of Clarence gave birth to a daughter, Princess Elizabeth. Had this child lived she died at the age of three months she would have changed the succession of England, for she was the only claimant who ever intervened between Princess Victoria and the contingency of the British Throne.

The childhood of the great, whether the greatness be of birth or of intellect, is always a fascinating topic. We like to know what they did, and how they grew and developed towards manhood or womanhood. The Duchess of Kent's household was regulated in a severely simple but most judicious manner. Late risers will shiver when they learn that the family breakfasted at eight o'clock, the Princess Victoria—or Drina, as she was then called—having her bread and milk and fruit on a table by her mother's side. Breakfast over, the Princess Feodore studied with her governess, Miss Lehzen, and the Princess Victoria went out for an hour's walk or drive. From ten to twelve she received instruction from her mother—let all British matrons who send their children away from them note that. The Princess would then amuse herself in running through the suite of rooms, which extended round two sides of the Palace, and in which were many of her toys. She would apostrophise her nurse, Mrs. Brock, as "Boppy; dear Boppy." The Duchess took her luncheon at two o'clock, when there was a plain dinner for the child. This was followed by lessons till four; then came a visit or a drive; and on fine evenings the whole party would sit on the lawn under the trees. At nine the Princess retired to rest. So passed the even tenor of the life at Kensington Palace. While States were disturbed and little knowledge of the outer world came into the home circle of the Duchess, her child was being reared in the laws of physical health, in knowledge, and in the principles of virtue and our common Christianity.

Kensington Palace at this time, and, indeed, the whole district, was not what it is now. There were gardens and umbrageous shades, and green lanes leading away from the metropolis to spots favoured of poets and artists. The Palace was erected by the first Earl of Nottingham, and was called Nottingham House; but when William III. purchased it of the second Earl, he changed its name. He also employed Sir Christopher Wren to add a new wing to it; and it was in this part of the Palace that the Duchess of Kent resided, the Duke of Sussex occupying the older portion. Queen Caroline greatly beautified the Palace and gardens; but the place lost a good deal of its pristine importance when Windsor was selected as the chief Royal residence, and when George III. fixed upon a country house at Kew. Outwardly, the Palace remains the same to this day; but internally, it has undergone many changes. It is no longer a seat of the Court, but is divided into a number of residences, which are disposed of by the Sovereign as they become vacant. In the leafy shades of Kensington, the little Princess Victoria was accustomed to take her recreation. On one occasion, when she was

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being driven in a small pony carriage, the pony became startled and made a sudden plunge. The Princess was thrown out, but was fortunately seized by a soldier, named Maloney, before her head came into contact with the ground. He was afterwards thanked and rewarded by the Duchess for "saving the life of her dear child, the Princess Alexandrina," of whose exalted station he was unaware at the time of the accident. There was always one daily walk, the Princess, skipping along between her mother and her sister, the Princess Feodore, holding a hand of each. In a glimpse we have of her Majesty at seven years of age, we are told that her simple but becoming dress contrasted favourably with the gorgeous apparel now worn by the little damsels of the rising generation. She had on a large straw hat and a suit of white cotton; and a coloured fichu round her neck was the only ornament she wore. In the early morning she was frequently to be seen in this dress watering her favourite flowers. Charles Knight, who did so much for the intellectual elevation of her Majesty's subjects, has left on record the impression made upon him by the Queen as a girl of nine. One summer morning, in 1827, he saw the Duchess of Kent and her daughter breakfasting together in the open air, in front of Kensington Palace, the matron looking on with eyes of love, whilst the fair, soft, young English face was bright with smiles. "What a beautiful characteristic it seemed to me of the training of this Royal girl, that she should not have been taught to shrink from the public eye; that she should not have been burdened with a premature conception of her probable high destiny; that she should enjoy the freedom and simplicity of a child's nature; that she should not be restrained when she starts up from the breakfast-table, and runs to gather a flower in the adjoining parterre; that her merry laugh should be as fearless as the notes of the thrush in the groves around her. I passed on, and blessed her; and I thank God that I have lived to see the golden fruits of such training." That delightful poet and essayist, Leigh Hunt, also saw the Queen about this time. She was walking up a cross path from the Bayswater Gate, with a girl of her own age by her side, whose hand she was lovingly holding. At a short distance was a magnificent footman in scarlet, who "looked, somehow, like a gigantic fairy, personating, for his little lady's sake, the grandest kind of footman he could think of; and his calves he seemed to have made out of a couple of the biggest chain lamps in the possession of the godmother of Cinderella."

The Infant Princess Victoria Presented to the Ministers of State at Kensington Palace, May 24, 1819.

The Queen's preceptors, from her fifth year, were Dr. Davys, afterwards Bishop of Peterborough—who was held in such deep respect by the Duchess of Kent that she would not change him when her daughter became direct heir to the Throne—and the Baroness Lehzen. The latter had previously been governess to the Princess Feodore, and she was created a Hanoverian Baroness by George IV. She had a strong personal influence over the Princess Victoria, who described her, many years afterwards, as "my dearest, kindest friend." The Baroness knew her Majesty from her earliest infancy, and from the Princess's fifth year to her eighteenth she devoted all her care and energies to the future Queen of England with the most wonderful abnegation of self. The Princess had special instructions in dancing, music, and drawing, and in all of these she speedily exhibited great proficiency. But the Duchess of Kent, being a wise woman, did not depend wholly upon books and instructors for the expansion of her daughter's mind. She placed a high value upon the observation of people and scenery, and with that object travelled a good deal with her daughter, visiting many of the chief seats of the arts and manufactures in this country, the naval ports, the favourite watering-places, and the mansions of the nobility. No fewer than ten portraits of her Majesty were executed before she attained her eleventh year, including a bust by Turnerelli; oil paintings by Sir W. Beechey, and Mr. Fowler, of Ramsgate; a marble bust by Behnes, and a miniature by Mr. Anthony Stewart. The list of the Queen's accomplishments at eleven years of age pointed to anything but superficiality: she spoke French and German fluently; could read Horace and Virgil; knew something of Greek, and more of Italian; and had made some progress in mathematics. As all English girls should be, moreover, she was instructed in domestic duties; and she afterwards insisted that this knowledge of the home life and its requirements should be communicated to all her own daughters.

Marriages and deaths come in Royal families as in all others. The Princess Victoria was early called upon to separate from her sister Feodore, who married Prince Ernest of Hohenlohe, and went to live in Germany, thus leaving a blank at Kensington Palace. Mortality, too, set in amongst the English Royal family. In 1827 the Duke of York died, thus making the Duke of Clarence heir presumptive to the Crown. Three years later George IV. himself passed away, and the Duke of Clarence succeeded to the Throne as King William IV. Now that the Princess Victoria was direct heir to the Crown it was no longer possible to keep from her the knowledge of her high destiny. The Baroness Lehzen has given an interesting account of the way in which the Princess became acquainted with her exalted position. She was then twelve years old. The Baroness having put the genealogical table into the historical book, "the Princess Victoria opened the book as usual, and, seeing the additional paper, said, 'I never saw that before.' 'It was not thought necessary you should, Princess,' I answered. 'I see I am nearer the Throne than I thought.' 'So it is, Madam,' I said. After some moments, the Princess answered, 'Now, many a child would boast: but they don't know the difficulty. There is much of the splendour; but there is more responsibility.' The Princess, having lifted up the fore-finger of her right hand while she spoke, gave me that little hand, saying, 'I will be good. I understand now why you urged me so much to learn even Latin. My aunts Augusta and Mary never did; but you told me Latin is the foundation of English grammar and of all the elegant expressions, and I learned it as you wished it; but I understand all better now,' and the Princess gave me her hand, repeating 'I will be good.' I then said, 'But your Aunt Adelaide is still young, and may have children, and, of course, they would ascend the Throne after their father, William IV., and not you, Princess.' The Princess answered, 'And if it was so I should never feel disappointed, for I know by the love Aunt Adelaide bears me how fond she is of children.'" This is very natural and childlike, while at the same time it shows a gravity of demeanour which could take in the weightier as well as the more glittering aspects of Royalty.

Parliament showed its sense of the excellent upbringing of the Princess Victoria under her mother's care by passing a Regency Bill, appointing the Duchess Regent in the event of the King's death, and until her daughter should attain her majority. An additional income of £10,000 a year to the £6000 which had been voted previously, was likewise granted for the maintenance and education of the Princess. As a young lady, she was now the cynosure of all eyes, and "the rose and expectancy of the State." She attended the first Drawing-room held by Queen Adelaide, and we read that she stood by the Queen for three hours, contemplating the scene with much dignity and also with much interest. She was simply dressed, wearing a frock of English blonde over white satin, and she had on a pearl necklace; while a diamond aigrette, of simple form, fastened the madonna-like braids of her fair hair at the back of her head. As a recent writer has remarked, "We can without difficulty call up before us the girlish figure in its pure white dress, the soft open face, the fair hair, the candid blue eyes, the frank lips slightly apart, showing the white pearly teeth. The intelligent observation, the remarkable absence of self-consciousness and consequent power of self-control and of thought for others, which struck all who approached her in the great crisis of her history six years afterwards, were already conspicuous in the young girl." As the Princess was now expected to take part in all the great State ceremonies, quite a hubbub arose owing to her absence from the Coronation of William IV. All sorts of rumours were set afloat in the press; one stating that the Duchess of Northumberland, the State governess of the Princess, was seeking to give a political bias to her education, whilst another report distinctly asserted that the Duchess of Kent had refused to attend with her daughter. Scandal was allayed when it became known that in consequence of the Princess's somewhat delicate health just at this time the Duchess of Kent had obtained the King's sanction to her absence.

In 1831-2 England was in the throes of the fiercest political conflict she has ever witnessed. The Reform Bill completely absorbed the Nation, and the cry was raised of "The Bill, the whole Bill, and nothing but the Bill." The King and Queen incurred odium for not bringing the question to an issue; the Duke of Wellington, hitherto, and subsequently, the most popular man in Great Britain, had his windows broken; and riots broke out in various parts of the country. Ultimately, the cause of the people triumphed and the Bill passed. During this anxious time, the Duchess of Kent and her daughter were in the enjoyment of quiet and repose, either at Norris Castle, in the Isle of Wight, or at Claremont, a spot endeared by the memories of Princess Charlotte and of Prince Leopold. In the early part of the year 1832, the Princess was taken by her mother upon an intellectual tour through England and Wales. North Wales first unfolded its beauties to her, and then came Eaton Hall, the seat of the Duke of Westminster, with a visit to Chester, quietest, as well as one of the most ancient, of English cities. Derbyshire, Shropshire, and other counties, famed for their romantic scenery and the magnificent seats of the nobility, were passed through, until, on Nov. 8, there was an imposing entry into Oxford. The proud Mother of English Learning opened her arms wide to the young Princess, and she had a right Royal reception. The Vice-Chancellor, the Dons, and the Doctors, were all ready to welcome her, and, under tutelary guidance, she visited all the lions of the University and the town. The Duchess and her daughter then returned to London.

Later in the year, the Duchess and the Princess made excursions in the Emerald yacht to Southampton, Portsmouth, Weymouth, Torquay, Devonport, Plymouth, and the Eddystone Lighthouse. The Duchess received numerous addresses, and, in acknowledging one at Plymouth, she made use of observations which furnish a good clue to the constitutional principles admirably illustrated in her illustrious daughter's career. "With the desire to preserve the constitutional prerogatives of the Crown," her Royal Highness remarked, "ought to be co-ordinate the protection of the people, and the encouragement of that principle of progressive amelioration the full development of which is not only the greatest source of advantage to the country, but of security to the Throne." While the Emerald was cruising round the Isle of Wight, the life of the Princess Victoria was placed in great jeopardy. A gale sprang up, the decks were swept fore and aft, and a sudden squall took the vessel aback, while the topmast snapped asunder. The pilot, Mr. Saunders, sprang to where the Princess was standing, lifted her in his arms to a safe position further aft, and the next moment the topmast came crashing down where the Princess had originally stationed herself. But for the pilot's presence of mind she must inevitably have been killed. Mr. Saunders was promoted for this signal service, and, after his death, provision was made for his wife and family. They who have served her Majesty in any way have never been forgotten.

The first public act of the Princess Victoria was the presentation of a set of colours to the 89th Regiment of Foot at Plymouth. Her father had been a soldier, and it was peculiarly graceful that a soldier's child should remember that fact. But as she somewhat nervously shrank from addressing the rough-hearted but gallant fellows of the 89th, the Duchess delivered the address on behalf of her youthful daughter. Life was now very busy with the Princess, and we follow her about this time to the north of England, where she visited the Earls of Harewood and Fitzwilliam, the Archbishop of York, and the Duke of Rutland. While at York she attended the great musical festival in the glorious Minster, when her soul was moved by the vast concord of sweet sounds. There is nothing like one of these festivals for showing what English sacred musical performances are capable of. Amongst other treats which the Princess enjoyed was a visit to "Burghley House, by Stamford Town," with its myriad associations from the days of the great Cecil down to the incident so beautifully told in Lord Tennyson's poem "The Lord of Burghley." Then we read of a very solemn act, the confirmation of the Princess, which took place in the Chapel Royal, St. James's. The Archbishop of Canterbury officiated; the King and Queen were present, and both the young Princess and her mother were deeply affected. On the following Sunday the Princess received her first communion.

A very happy year for the Princess Victoria was that of 1836, and the last that she was destined to spend untrammelled by the cares of State. What made it doubly enjoyable was the new pleasure infused into it by the arrival of her uncle, the Duke of Saxe-Coburg, and his two sons, the Princes Ernest and Albert, on a visit to Kensington Palace, in the spring. This visit was followed with keen interest by King

AN EARLY PORTRAIT OF PRINCESS VICTORIA.
By J. Stern.—[From the Illustrated London News.]

THE QUEEN ON THE MORNING OF HER ACCESSION, JUNE 20, 1837.
By Miss Oswald.—[From the Illustrated London News.]

Leopold, for he had always looked forward to a union between the younger son of the Duke and his beloved niece, Victoria. The Princess now saw her future husband for the first time. He was a bright, clever, good, and handsome young man, who immediately made his way with everyone. Simple in nature and manners, however, he was somewhat tried by the arduous public ceremonies and the late entertainments he was called upon to attend in England. Levées, dinners, concerts, and balls followed each other in rapid succession; but not the least interesting occasion upon which Princess Victoria and Prince Albert were together during this memorable time was the visit they paid, with the Duke of Coburg and the Duchess of Kent, to St. Paul's Cathedral, when, for the first time, they heard the touching music of the Charity children who filled that venerable edifice. While the Coburg Princes were at Kensington, their cousin Victoria attained her seventeenth birthday; and the event did not pass without recognition. Already the younger of the knightly German youths and the hope of England were being strangely drawn towards each other. When the visitors returned to their native land, they left many new and awakened interests behind them.

But the times were not altogether halcyon for the Duchess of Kent. The King could be, and occasionally was, very rude to her; and, if we are to believe Greville, he never showed to less advantage than when he received the Duchess and her daughter at Windsor Castle, on Aug. 21 in this year. It was his Majesty's birthday; and, after he had proposed Princess Augusta's health, he said, "And now, having given the health of the oldest I will give that of the youngest member of the Royal family. I know the interest which the public feel about her, and, although I have not seen so much of her as I could have wished, I take no less

WINDSOR CASTLE.

QUEEN VICTORIA OPENING HER FIRST PARLIAMENT, NOVEMBER 20, 1837.

interest in her, and the more I do see of her, both in public and private, the greater pleasure it will give me." But the King's demeanour towards the Duchess was such that she resolved to leave the Castle the same evening; and it was only after much persuasion that she was prevailed upon to remain.

Next year witnessed a very joyous celebration, for on May 24, 1837, Princess Victoria attained her legal majority. She was serenaded in the old-fashioned style, at seven o'clock in the morning, by a band of musicians, whose notes, we will hope, were as harmonious as their feelings were loyal. Later on came birthday visits, and presents, including the gift of a magnificent pianoforte, valued at two hundred guineas, from the King. At Kensington a white silk flag was flown, with "Victoria" emblazoned upon it in sky-blue letters. Flags innumerable floated elsewhere, while bells clashed out their merry peals in every London and suburban parish. There was a grand State ball at St. James's Palace in the evening, when, for the first time, the Duchess of Kent saw her beloved child take precedence of herself. Illuminations and rejoicings were the order of the day in every part of the Empire; for somehow this charming and unsophisticated Princess had already entwined herself round the affections of the British people. For several days after the Princess attained her majority, congratulatory addresses continued to be received by the Duchess and her daughter; and in acknowledging that from the Corporation of London, the Duchess of Kent said she had never failed to impress upon her child, as the first earthly duty of a constitutional Sovereign, the necessity of gaining by her conduct the respect and affection of the people. The Princess herself, in a charming manner, and with her winning countenance covered by maiden blushes, also thanked the Lord Mayor and the other City Fathers for their kindness, assuring them that her mother had expressed all her feelings. Thus had passed the first and second stages of the Princess's life. Childhood had passed into maidenhood, and maidenhood was now opening out into womanhood. Life must indeed have seemed strange to her as she endeavoured to pierce its thick veil, and to anticipate what the coming years had in store for her. Whenever that dim future should be unravelled, it must necessarily in God's providence, if her life were spared, bring to her weighty cares—cares enough to dim the gilding of the earthly Crown, if it were not that she had been taught to rely, in all the stress of trouble and sorrow which might overtake her, upon the unfailing love and power of Him who is the King of Kings and the Lord of Lords.

II.

WILLIAM IV. lay dying at Windsor. He was seized with lay fever on the very day his niece attained her majority, and could not shake off its effects. Great difficulty in breathing, and other serious symptoms, supervened, and although there was a little improvement five days before his death, the doctors gave no real hope, and he expired at twelve minutes past two on the morning of June 20. He had borne his sufferings with great patience and resignation, and "nothing in his life became him like the leaving of it."

The King being dead, there was mounting in hot haste at Windsor; for, though as yet ignorant of the fact, the young maiden calmly sleeping in Kensington Palace was now Queen of England, and she must be apprised of the news at the earliest moment. There is no interregnum, even for a moment, in the succession to the British Throne. "The King is dead; God save the Queen!" So before daybreak the Archbishop of Canterbury (Dr. Howley), the Lord Chamberlain (the Marquis of Conyngham), the Master of the Horse (the Earl of Albemarle), and Sir Henry Halford, the late King's physician, started from Windsor, and posted to Kensington. As the carriage drew up at Kensington Palace, the clock gave out the hour of five. A pleasant sweep of the time, Miss Wynn, tells of the deputation: the great dignitaries encountered before they could persuade their tidings. She avers that they knocked and rung, and thumped for a considerable time before they could rouse the porter at the gate. When they had got through the gate, they were again kept waiting in the courtyard. At length they were turned into one of the lower rooms, but here they seemed forgotten by everybody. They rang the bell, and desired that the intimation of the Princess Victoria might be sent to inform her Royal Highness that they requested an audience on business of importance. After another delay, and another ringing to inquire the cause, the attendant was summoned, who stated that the Princess was in such a sweet sleep that she could not venture to disturb her. "Then," said, "We are come on business of State to the Queen, and even her sleep must give way to that." It did; and, to prove that she did not keep them waiting, in a few minutes she came into the room in a loose white night-gown and shawl, her night-cap thrown off, and her hair falling upon her shoulders; her feet in slippers, tears in her eyes, but perfectly collected and dignified." When the Archbishop informed her of her accession to the Throne, the news overpowered her for a moment; but, recovering herself, the Princess entreated his Grace to pray for her, and they knelt down together. It must have been a touching and a tender sight, and this dependence upon the Supreme augured well for the reign of the youthful Queen. Her first act after the departure of the Archbishop and the officers of State was a tribute to her Majesty's solicitude and kindness of heart. She wrote an affectionate letter of condolence to her aunt, the bereaved widow of King William, and addressed it, as usual, to "Her Majesty the Queen." Being reminded by one of her attendants that she herself was now Queen of England, she replied, "Yes; but the widowed Queen is not to be reminded of that fact first by me."

Lord Melbourne hastily issued summonses to the Privy Council at nine o'clock for a meeting to be held at eleven, and at that hour her Majesty's first Privy Council assembled at Kensington Palace. How would the girl-Queen behave? Greville says that this question was asked by everybody, because of her extreme youth and inexperience, and the ignorance of the world concerning her. Although such scant notice had been given, there was a considerable assemblage at the Palace. The Queen first received the two Royal Dukes, Cumberland and Sussex, the two Archbishops, the Chancellor, and Melbourne, in an adjoining room. These she followed them to the full Council. It was soon seen that she had learnt her State lesson well from the Prime Minister. "She bowed to the Lords," writes Greville, "took her seat, and then read her speech in a clear, distinct, and audible voice, and without any appearance of fear or embarrassment." The speech, or declaration, first referred to the loss the nation had sustained by the death of the King, and then touched upon the awful responsibility that had devolved upon herself, in view of which she placed her firm reliance upon the wisdom of Parliament, and upon the loyalty and affection of her people. This first State utterance of the Queen thus concluded—"Educated in England, under the tender and enlightened care of a most affectionate mother, I have learned from my infancy to respect and love the constitution of my native country. It will be my increasing study to maintain the Reformed religion as by law established, securing at the same time to all the full enjoyment of religious liberty; and I shall steadily protect the rights, and promote to the utmost of my power the happiness and welfare, of all classes of my subjects." Greville's account continues that her Majesty "was quite plainly dressed, and in mourning. After she had read her speech, and taken and signed the oath for the security of the Church of Scotland, the Privy Councillors were sworn—the two Royal Dukes first, by themselves; and as these two old men, her uncles, knelt before her, swearing allegiance and kissing her hand, I saw her blush up to the eyes, as if she felt the contrast between their civil and natural relations; and this was the only sign of emotion which she evinced. Her manner to them was very graceful and engaging: she kissed them both, and rose from her chair and moved towards the Duke of Sussex, who was farthest from her, and too infirm to reach her. She seemed rather bewildered at the multitude of men who were sworn, and who came, one after another, to kiss her hand; but she did not speak to anybody, nor did she make the slightest difference in her manner, or show any interest, or favour, to any individual of any rank, station, or party. I particularly watched her when Melbourne and the Ministers, and the Duke of Wellington and Peel, approached her. She went through the whole ceremony—occasionally looking at Melbourne for instruction, when she had any doubt what to do, which hardly ever occurred—with perfect calmness and self-possession, but at the same time with a graceful modesty and propriety particularly interesting and ingratiating." Lord Campbell was quite in raptures over the deportment of the young Queen. As he justly said, "Considering that she was the only female in the room, and that she had no one about her with whom she was familiar, no human being was ever placed in a more trying situation." Yet, under this severe ordeal, she behaved with exquisite dignity and grace; and, while modest, sorrowful, and dejected, she was also calm, composed, and firm. This deeply interesting scene of the Queen's first Council has furnished a theme for more than one pencil, but the representation of it which has acquired far more fame than the rest is the painting by Sir David Wilkie. As the Queen, in first signing her name as Sovereign, simply wrote Victoria, this necessitated the alteration of a great number of State documents, which had been made out in the names of Alexandrina Victoria. Her Majesty wished it to be understood that her style and title would be that which is now known all over the world, Victoria.

By the operation of the Salic law, the Kingdom of Hanover now became separated from that of Great Britain, and the Duke of Cumberland succeeded to the Throne of the former.

The formal proclamation of the Princess Victoria as Queen of England was made in the courtyard of St. James's Palace on June 21. St. James's is a building familiar to Londoners, and, like Kensington Palace, it is constructed of brick. Many reminiscences attach to it, and as a Royal residence it goes back as far as the days of Henry VIII. Charles I. was taken to St. James's as a prisoner, and was conveyed from thence to Whitehall to undergo his trial. Here he received the last Sacrament, and bade farewell to his children; and from St. James's also he went to the scaffold. The wife of George II. died here under pathetic circumstances, and many State ceremonials have taken place within the Palace. But there never was a more auspicious event in the history of St. James's than the proclamation of the young Queen. All the avenues to the Palace were early blocked by loyal spectators, the quadrangle was densely crowded, and even the parapets presented a mass of living humanity. The burly agitator, Daniel O'Connell, was the most conspicuous figure amongst those who had come out to welcome their Sovereign, and his stentorian tones were heard more than once during the proceedings. As soon as the Queen made her appearance at the window of the tapestried ante-room, she was received with deafening cheers. Standing between Lords Melbourne and Lansdowne, she looked fatigued and pale; but we are told that she returned the repeated cheers with which she was greeted with remarkable ease and dignity. She was dressed in deep mourning, with a white tippet, white cuffs, and a border of white lace under a small black bonnet, which was placed far back on her head, exhibiting her light hair in front, simply parted over the forehead. The Duchess of Kent was similarly attired. Heralds and pursuivants, richly dight, were in the courtyard, eight officers-of-arms on horseback bearing massive silver maces. There were sergeant-trumpeters, drum-majors, men pertaining to the Earl Marshal's office, &c., all in brilliant uniforms. Garter Principal King-at-Arms having taken his station in the courtyard, the Duke of Norfolk, as Earl Marshal of England, read the proclamation containing the official announcement of the demise of King William IV., and the consequent accession of Queen Alexandrina Victoria, "to whom we acknowledge all faith and constant obedience, with all humble and hearty affection, beseeching God, by whom Kings and Queens do reign, to bless the Royal Princess Alexandrina Victoria with long and happy years to reign. God save the Queen!" A ringing shout followed the proclamation; the band struck up the National Anthem; and the park and Tower guns boomed forth the joyful tidings. It was noticed that the Queen was so much moved during the ceremony that she shed tears, and this touching incident formed the subject of a beautiful poem by Mrs. Browning. I have room only for the last stanza:—

> God bless thee, weeping Queen,
> With blessings more divine,
> And fill with better love than earth
> That tender heart of thine!
> That when the throne of earth shall be
> As low as graves brought down,
> A Pierced Hand may give to thee
> The crown which angels shout to see.
> Thou wilt not weep
> To wear that heavenly crown.

Amongst the many private greetings which reached the Sovereign was one from Prince Albert. The cousins were frequently in each other's thoughts. "Now you are Queen of the mightiest land of Europe," the Prince wrote; "in your hand lies the happiness of millions. May Heaven assist you and strengthen you with its strength in that high but difficult task. I hope that your reign may be long, happy, and glorious, and that your efforts may be rewarded by the thankfulness and love of your subjects." Weighty indeed was the responsibility which rested upon the young Queen, but she entered on her lofty duties in a grave and yet cheerful spirit. When the Prime Minister apologised for the number of State documents he first took to her, her Majesty replied, "My Lord, the attention required from me is only a change of occupation. I have not hitherto had a life of leisure, for you know well I had not long left off my lessons." While full of the cares of State, the Queen sent a copy of the Psalms of David to the bed-ridden daughter of an old and faithful servant of her father, named Hillman. There was a marker in the book, worked by her Majesty's own hand, and it was placed at the forty-first Psalm, with a request that the sufferer would read it, and expressing the hope that its perusal might give peace to her mind. This incident is typical of others which have made her Majesty beloved by her subjects.

The Queen's accession brought with it a change of home. Kensington Palace was not relinquished without deep emotion, for it was crowded with the happy memories of her Majesty's childhood and youth. But the Monarch must now be installed in Buckingham Palace, that stately mansion which had been bought by George II. from the Duke of Buckingham. At the Queen's first Levée, held at the Palace, upwards of two thousand gentlemen were present, and the crowd was so tremendous that "diamond buckles were broken and bad orders and other decorations torn from their wearers, and officers deprived of their epaulettes without the ceremony of a court-martial." The same interest attended the ceremony of the Dissolution of Parliament on July 17. The cheering along the whole route of the procession, from Buckingham Palace to Westminster, was most vehement. The scene in the House of Lords when the Queen entered was brilliant and dazzling in the extreme. On ascending the throne and taking her seat, her Majesty was deeply moved at being the central

sun of all this splendour, and her emotion was plainly discernible in the rapid heavings of her bosom. But she read her Speech deliberately and with great clearness of enunciation. Her voice, which was very sweet, was heard all over the House, and her demeanour was characterised by a natural grace and modest self-possession. Charles Sumner said he never heard anything better read in his life than the Royal Speech; and Fanny Kemble bore similar testimony.

In August the Queen took possession of Windsor Castle, and on the 28th of the following month held a grand review of the troops in the Home Park. Ladies will be interested in learning that she wore a half-military dress—that is, a tight jacket with deep lappels, the blue riband of the Garter across one shoulder, and the star of the Order on her breast, a stock-like black neckerchief with stiff folds, and on her head a round high hat cap. On Nov. 9 she went in State to dine with the Lord Mayor at the Guildhall. The Royal train, and that of the nobility and other guests numbered two hundred carriages. London kept holiday, and the streets were crowded to excess. Her Majesty, according to contemporary reports, was quite overcome with emotion at the generous and enthusiastic outburst of loyalty which greeted her along the whole route. At Temple Bar the Queen was met by the Lord Mayor, and, in front of St. Paul's, the boys of Christ's Hospital presented her with an address and sang the National Anthem. The interior of the Guildhall, with the lavish display of gold and the splendid decorations, was like a scene from the "Arabian Nights." The young Queen wore a dinner dress of pink and silver, over which were thrown the Riband and Order of the Garter with the George appended; and she had, besides a diamond tiara, a stomacher of brilliants and diamond earrings. She was supported by the Duke of Sussex and Cambridge, and the Duchesses of Kent, Gloucester, Cambridge, and Sutherland. For the last-named lady she had already begun to cherish that deep affection which lasted through life. Her Majesty drank the health of the Lord Mayor in sherry which was stated to be 120 years old. She went through the whole ceremony with such dignity and grace that the Baroness Bunsen said, "The Queen has Royal strength of nerve." Sir David Wilkie, who was received by the Queen about this time, thus describes her:—"She is eminently beautiful, her features nicely formed, her skin smooth, her hair worn close to her face in a most simple way, glossy, and clean-looking. Her manner, though trained to set the Sovereign, is yet simple and natural. She has all the decision, thought, and self-possession of a Queen of older years, has all the buoyancy of youth, and from the smile to the unrestrained laugh, is a perfect child. While I was there she was sitting to Pistrucci for her coin, and to Hayter for a picture for King Leopold." As a proof of her strong regard for honour and integrity, the Queen paid her father's debts from her first year's income, and from her second she discharged those which the Duchess of Kent had incurred in meeting the innumerable heavy calls made upon her as the Duke's widow, and also as the mother of the future Sovereign.

Her Majesty opened her first Parliament on Nov. 20, and made the usual declaration against the Pope and the Church of Rome. Three days after the House of Commons assembled the question of the Civil List was debated. Other Sovereigns had not only possessed considerable personal property, but had enjoyed the revenues of Hanover, which no longer came to the English Sovereign. The yearly sum of £385,000 was therefore voted for the support of the Queen and her household, and the income of the Duchess of Kent was raised from £22,000 to £30,000 per annum. Two days before Christmas her Majesty went in State to the House of Lords, and gave her assent to the Civil List Act.

The great event of the year 1838 was the Queen's Coronation, which took place in Westminster Abbey on June 28, amid circumstances of great pomp and splendour. The metropolis had never been so crowded within the memory of man as it was on that day, for streams of people came pouring in from the country for several days before that fixed for the grand and solemn ceremony. It seemed as though the suburbs had entirely emptied themselves of their residents. Contemporary accounts, to which I am, of course, indebted for the following description, state that as early as six o'clock on the morning of the 28th throngs of pedestrians, all in holiday attire, were to be seen converging from various lines on one point. A brigade of the Royal Horse Artillery bivouacked in St. James's Park all night; and their ardour was not damped by a shower which fell in the morning. From Hyde Park Corner to the Abbey there was not a house from which a view of the pageant could be got that had not its scaffolding or its over-crowded balcony. It was the same with the clubs and the mansions of the aristocracy all along the route. Seats for the interior of the Abbey were sold on the eve of the ceremony at twenty guineas each; while some extraordinary gentlemen forged orders of admission, and against these the Earl Marshal issued due warning. At eight o'clock, Piccadilly, St. James's-street, Charing-cross, and the adjacent thoroughfares presented one entire mass of human beings; yet good order everywhere prevailed, and there was little inconvenience from overpressure. Two hours before the procession began to move, St. James's Park and the Green Park were studded with people, and the space round Buckingham Palace was a living mass. The spectators had plenty of colour upon which to feast their eyes, for they were able to witness the marshalling of the pageant. First came the Life Guards, then the Blues, and these were succeeded by the Foot Guards, the Royal Scottish Archers (with their Captain General, the Duke of Buccleuch, resplendent in green and gold), the Yeomen of the Guard, all ruffed and starched, &c.

At ten o'clock the guns boomed, the Imperial standard was hoisted, and her Majesty emerged from the Palace and entered the State carriage. The procession then began its march, leading off with the carriages of the Foreign Ambassadors and Ministers, followed by those of the members of the Royal family, the Duchess of Kent, the Duchess of Gloucester, the Duke and Duchess of Cambridge, and the Duke of Sussex. Then came her Majesty's carriages, twelve in number, each conveying two ladies and two gentlemen, and drawn by six prancing steeds. These were succeeded by the State coach, drawn by eight cream-coloured horses, attended by a yeoman of the guard at each wheel, and two footmen at each door. With the Queen was seated the Duchess of Sutherland, Mistress of the Robes. All the way to the Abbey, whenever a glimpse of the Sovereign was obtained, the cheering was tremendous. The two persons who received most applause after her were, respectively, victor and vanquished, the Duke of Wellington and Marshal Soult. The carriage of the latter was so gorgeous that the public were divided in their interest between the

Princess Victoria and her Mother at Breakfast in the Gardens of Kensington Palace.

vehicle and its owner. It was beautiful to note how deeply affected the Queen was by the enthusiasm of her people; and she again and again turned to the Duchess of Sutherland either to conceal or to express her emotion.

The interior of the Abbey presented a magnificent spectacle, crowded as it was with the aristocracy, the wealth, and the intellect of Great Britain. In the midst of the glittering phalanx were a few literary spirits. Harriet Martineau was there, as also was Thomas Campbell; for, having thought that a place which boasted a Poets' Corner could spare a corner for a poet, the author of "The Pleasures of Hope" had written for a seat and had obtained one. At twelve o'clock, or thereabouts, the grand procession began to enter the choir. After the Princes and Princesses of the blood Royal came the great officers of State, bearing their staffs and swords; and three Bishops—my Lords of Bangor, Winchester, and London—with the patina, the bible, and the chalice. Then appeared the Queen, having the Bishop of Bath and Wells and the Bishop of Durham on either hand, and attired in her Royal robe of crimson velvet, furred with ermine and bordered with gold lace, wearing the collars of her orders, and having on her head a circlet of gold. Her train was borne by eight beautiful young ladies, representing the flower of England's nobility. Her Majesty looked extremely well, and was very animated. The scene within the choir was most dazzling, all the Ambassadors being magnificently attired. Prince Esterhazy was especially noticeable, seeing that his dress, down to his very boot-heels, sparkled with diamonds. The Turkish Ambassador was so bewildered by the scene that he paused in astonishment, unable for some time to proceed to his allotted place. As the Queen moved towards the centre of the choir, the anthem "I was glad" was sung; after which the Westminster boys chanted "Vivat Victoria Regina!" Kneeling on a faldstool, her Majesty engaged for a few moments in private prayer, and then proceeded to take her seat. The Coronation ceremony began with the recognition, the Archbishop of Canterbury making the following declaration four times, turning to the east, west, north, and south corners of the Abbey:—"Sirs, I here present unto you Queen Victoria, the undoubted Queen of this realm; wherefore, all you who are come this day to do your homage, are you willing to do the same?" In every case the recognition was followed by loud and repeated acclamations of "God save Queen Victoria." Her Majesty then made her offerings at the altar, and, after a prayer from the Archbishop, the religious service began. The Litany was read by the Bishops of Worcester and St. David's, the Communion service by the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishops of Rochester and Carlisle, and the sermon was preached by the Bishop of London from 2 Chron. xxxiv. 31 where the young King of Israel resolves to walk after the Lord, and to keep His commandments and His testimonies and statutes. The oath was then administered by the Archbishop, and her Majesty, laying her right hand upon the Gospels in the Bible, said, kneeling: "The things which I have before-time promised I will perform and keep. So help me, God!" The anointing followed. The Queen sat in the famous chair of King Edward the Confessor, which had beneath it the celebrated stone from Scone Palace, upon which the ancient Kings of Scotland were crowned. The Archbishop anointed the head and hands of the Queen, marking them in the form of a cross, and using the old formula, "Be thou anointed with holy oil, as kings, priests, and prophets were anointed," &c. After the anointing came the blessing. Then the spurs were presented by the Lord Chamberlain, and the sword of State by Viscount Melbourne, who, however, according to custom, redeemed it with a hundred shillings, and carried it during the rest of the ceremony. Next came the investing with the Royal robe, the delivery of the orb, and the investiture *per annulum et baculum*—the ring and sceptre.

The act of crowning succeeded. The Archbishop of Canterbury took the crown from the Dean of Westminster, consecrated it, and blessed it with prayer. His Grace then placed it reverently upon the Queen's head, and immediately afterwards there arose from every part of the sacred edifice a loud and enthusiastic shout of "God Save the Queen!" Hats and handkerchiefs were waved, the Peers and Peeresses put on their coronets, the Bishops their caps, and the Kings-of-Arms their crowns. Mingling with the plaudits of the people were heard the sounding of trumpets and the beating of drums. The moment was glorious and magnificent.

> Soon as the Royal brow received the crown,
> And Majesty put all her glories on,
> Straight on a thousand coronets we gaze—
> Straight all around was one Imperial blaze.

Outside was heard the booming of the Tower and park guns. When peace had been restored within, the Archbishop pronounced the exhortation and the benediction, and the "Te Deum" was sung by the choir. Then came a singular part of the ceremony—the Enthronement. Her Majesty was enthroned, or "lifted," into the chair of homage, being surrounded by Archbishops, Bishops, and Peers. His Grace of Canterbury knelt and did homage for himself and other Lords Spiritual, who all kissed the Queen's hand. The Dukes of Sussex and Cambridge, removing their coronets, did homage with this formula: "I do become your liege man of life and limb, and of earthly worship, and faith and truth I will bear unto you, to live and die, against all manner of folks. So help me, God!" The Queen was very affectionate towards her uncles, who touched the crown upon her head, kissed her left cheek, and then retired. It is not surprising, perhaps, that her Majesty waived on this occasion the ancient right of every Peer to kiss the Sovereign on the cheek, upon his or her coronation. Harriet Martineau, who was present in the Abbey, says of this part of the ceremonial:—"The homage was as pretty a sight as any—trains of Peers touching her crown, and then kissing her hand. It was in the midst of that process that poor Lord Rolle's disaster sent a shock through the whole assemblage. The large, infirm old man was held up by two Peers, and had nearly reached the Royal footstool when he slipped through the hands of his supporters, and rolled over and over down the steps, lying at the bottom coiled up in his robes. He was instantly lifted up; and he tried again and again, amidst shouts of admiration of his valour. The Queen at length spoke to Lord Melbourne, who stood at her shoulder, and he bowed approval; on which she rose, leaned forward, and held out her hand to the old man, dispensing with his touching the crown. He was not hurt; and his self-quizzing on his misadventure was as brave as his misadventure at the time.

"Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown," Shakspeare assures us; and if the Queen had been compelled constantly to wear that in which she was crowned she would have found the saying of the poet true in more senses than one. It was not only magnificent, but weighty; for although, in the latter respect, it could not compete with the old crown, it still weighed upwards of three pounds. Her Majesty's crown consisted of diamonds, pearls, rubies, sapphires, and emeralds, set in silver and gold; it had a crimson velvet cap with ermine border, and was lined with white silk. The jewels comprised in the crown were as follows:—one large ruby, irregularly polished; one large broad spread sapphire, sixteen sapphires, eleven emeralds, four rubies, 1363 brilliant diamonds, 1273 rose diamonds, 147 table diamonds, four drop-shaped pearls, and 273 other pearls. The large ruby above mentioned was worn in the helmet of Henry V. at the battle of Agincourt; it was now set in the centre of a diamond Maltese cross. The value of the precious stones in her Majesty's crown—exclusive of this ruby, which is

CORONATION OF QUEEN VICTORIA, JUNE 28, 1838.

MARRIAGE OF QUEEN VICTORIA AND PRINCE ALBERT AT ST. JAMES'S PALACE, FEBRUARY 10, 1840.

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priceless—was £112,760. During the homage ceremony the Earl of Surrey, treasurer of the household, threw coronation medals, in silver, about the choir and lower galleries, and they were scrambled for with great eagerness by the distinguished spectators, high-born ladies manifesting equal interest in the contest with the gentlemen.

The homage having ended, the choir sang the anthem, "This is the day which the Lord hath made." The Queen then received the two sceptres with the cross and the dove from the Dukes of Norfolk and Richmond; the drums beat, the trumpets sounded, and the whole assembly shouted "God save Queen Victoria!" Her Majesty next proceeded to the altar, where she made her offerings and received the sacrament. The *coup d'œil* at this point in the august ceremony has been preserved in Leslie's painting, executed at the command of the Queen. At the close of the communion service the Archbishop of Canterbury pronounced the final blessing, and the choir then sang Handel's grand and sonorous anthem "Hallelujah! for the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth." The Queen then left the throne and passed into King Edward's Chapel, where she was disrobed of her imperial robe of State, and arrayed in her Royal robe of purple velvet. She next proceeded to the west door of the Abbey, and the ceremony having now terminated, the procession re-formed and passed forth, shortly before four o'clock, in its original order. On the return journey, however, the Royal and noble personages wore their coronets, and the Queen her crown, so that the effect was splendid in the extreme; while the immense crowd, on that warm June day, was as enthusiastic as ever in its demonstrations of loyalty.

London was indeed beside itself for joy for several days. There was a fair in Hyde Park, extending over four days, and intended for the people at large; for those more fortunately circumstanced had their private balls, gatherings, and feasts. On the second day of the festivities, the young Queen appeared in person among her poorer subjects in Hyde Park. The area occupied by the fair extended from near the margin of the Serpentine to within a short distance of Grosvenor Gate. Besides stalls for the sale of all kinds of fancy goods, &c., there were theatres, taverns, and an endless variety of exhibitions. On the evening of the Coronation, all the theatres, and most of the other places of amusement, were opened free by her Majesty's command; and the best feature of the enjoyments and festivities which everywhere abounded was the orderliness and good conduct of the populace, which called forth the admiration of foreigners. The provincial towns emulated the example of London and kept high holiday; in fact, the whole nation exhibited such an outburst of loyalty as had never been witnessed within living memory. For the coronation ceremony the country was certainly not called upon to pay dearly. The whole expenses amounted to only £69,421, as compared with £238,000 for the coronation expenses of George IV.

III.

THE King of the Belgians was anxious that his niece, the maiden Queen of England, should not long continue to wield the sceptre without the support and counsel which only a husband had a right to give. Her Majesty also felt the difficulties surrounding her lofty position. She has left it on record that "a worse school for a young girl, or one more detrimental to all natural feeling and affection, cannot well be imagined than the position of a Queen at eighteen, without experience, and without a husband to guide and support her. This the Queen can state from painful experience: and she thanks God that none of her dear daughters are exposed to such danger." At the same time, the Queen thought of the nation as well as herself; and, although she knew that it was the dearest wish of her uncle's heart to see her married to her cousin, Prince Albert, she decided that they were still too young for marriage, and that it would be better for him to have a little more time to perfect his English education. Accordingly, Prince Albert went upon his travels in Southern Europe, accompanied by his and the Queen's faithful and attached friend Baron Stockmar, and Sir Francis Seymour.

Meanwhile, her Majesty continued to fulfil her arduous State duties. How deeply she felt them at times is proved by a touching anecdote relating to the first death-warrant she was called upon to sign. A soldier had been condemned to death for desertion; and the Queen pleaded long with the Duke of Wellington for his life, but apparently in vain. At last, the veteran Duke said, "Though he is certainly a very bad *soldier*, having deserted three times, nine witnesses spoke for his character, and he might I know to the contrary, be may be a good man." "Oh, thank you for that, a thousand times!" exclaimed the Queen, and with a hand trembling with emotion she hastily wrote "Pardoned" across the paper. Her Majesty found an admirable adviser in all State matters in Lord Melbourne. He was considerate, deferential, and, yet almost fatherly, in his kindness; and it is to his everlasting credit that he never attempted to sway the Queen's feelings in his own favour, or to embitter them against his political opponents. The result was that her Majesty gave him her trust, frankly and fully. In private matters the Queen relied upon the devoted service of her old governess, the Baroness Lehzen. But the path of sovereignty is ever a thorny one. Within a year of her Majesty's Coronation an incident occurred which gave rise to some inflammatory language on the part of the Conservatives. This episode was the famous "Bedchamber Plot." Lord Melbourne, having been defeated on the question of the Government of Jamaica, resigned office. Sir Robert Peel was sent for, and undertook to form a Ministry; but he asked, as public evidence of the Queen's confidence, for the dismissal of certain ladies related to members of the late Ministry, who held high appointments in her Majesty's household. The Queen wrote to Sir Robert in reply that she could not consent "to a course which she conceived to be contrary to usage, and was repugnant to her feelings." A deadlock ensued. The people generally applauded the Queen for her natural and outspoken sincerity; but the Whig Ministers rose in for considerable odium on the part of their opponents. Eventually the "plot" ended by the recall of Lord Melbourne and his late colleagues. This year, 1839, however, was marked by a much pleasanter circumstance than the one I have narrated, and which, in its effects, has had a wide-reaching influence upon the happiness of the people. I refer to the passing of that Act of Parliament which established the penny post.

But the Queen's position only made King Leopold the more anxious to see her happily married, and early in October, 1839, he sent over Prince Albert, and his elder brother Prince Ernest, on a visit to this country. They bore a letter to the Queen, in which the King said, "They are good and honest creatures, deserving your kindness, and not pedantic, but really sensible and trustworthy." The Princes arrived at Windsor on the 10th, and received a most cordial and affectionate welcome from the Queen. Prince Albert was the second son of Ernest I., Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, and the Princess Louise, daughter of the Duke of Saxe-Gotha-Altenburg. He was born at the Rosenau, near Coburg, a charming summer residence belonging to the Duke, on August 26, 1819, so that he was just three months younger than his cousin and future bride. Both the Coburg Princes were tall and manly in figure and deportment, but Prince Albert was eminently handsome. "There was also in his countenance a gentleness of expression, and a peculiar sweetness in his smile, with a look of deep thought and high intelligence in his clear blue eye and expansive forehead that added a charm to the handsome face produced by nature." Of him far beyond that derived from mere regularity or beauty of features." This happy stay at Windsor ended in the betrothal of the Queen. How it all came about was as follows:—On Oct. 15 the Queen sent for Prince Albert to her room, and as from her position she was different from other women, and must herself make the proposal of marriage, after some conversation on various subjects, her Majesty made known her wishes. There was strong mutual love, however, and, in writing to Stockmar, nothing but a simple wreath of orange-blossoms, and her magnificent veil did not cover her face, but hung down on each shoulder. Her ornaments were a pair of large diamond earrings, a diamond necklace, and the collar of the Order of the Garter. The Duchess of Kent and the Duchess of Sutherland—true mother and true friend—rode with the Queen. As her Majesty stepped into the carriage, the band in front of the Palace struck up "God Save the Queen," and the park at once resounded with the tremendous shouts of the multitude. Great was the reception which greeted the popular young Queen all along the line, and she appeared highly gratified by the exuberant loyalty displayed. Nevertheless, her face wore at times a grave expression, for the ordeal was naturally a trying one. On reaching St. James's Palace, her Majesty was conducted to her closet, there to await the summons to the chapel. The colonnade leading to the chapel was filled with a distinguished assembly, chiefly consisting of brilliantly dressed ladies, all of whom wore a wedding favour of some kind. There was one of the wedding guests who was loudly cheered as he passed along the colonnade, and this was the Iron Duke, the victor of Waterloo. The chapel had been handsomely decorated for the ceremony, and the whole of the floor was covered with rich gold and purple carpeting, having the Norman rose as its prominent figure. To a flourish of trumpets and drums the bridegroom's procession passed along the colonnade. The Prince was received with clapping of hands and waving of handkerchiefs, and it is stated that his pale and pensive looks and handsome appearance won him golden opinions from the ladies. A cordial welcome was also given to the Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Prince Ernest. As Prince Albert walked up the aisle of the chapel, carrying a prayer-book in his hand, he repeatedly bowed to the Peers around him. On reaching the *haut-pas* he affectionately kissed the hand of the Queen Dowager. The Queen's procession then passed along the colonnade and entered the chapel. He

(*Continued on page 14.*)

for me. He was so cold, being *en grand tenue*, with high boots. We entered home again, and went in to show ourselves to poor Ernest (who had seen all from a window)." The Princes returned to Germany on Nov. 14. There was a heavy heart left behind in Windsor Castle, but the lovers had exchanged vows and gifts, and the time was not to be long before they were united in marriage. Work remained to be done first, nevertheless. On Jan. 16, her Majesty drove in State to the House of Lords, for the purpose of opening Parliament. In the Speech from the Throne she repeated the declaration as to her marriage made before the Privy Council. The House of Commons subsequently voted an allowance of £30,000 per annum to Prince Albert, which was less by £20,000 than the sum originally proposed, and there was a good deal of unnecessary bickering in Parliament as to the precedence of Prince Albert, his naturalisation, &c. The Queen conferred upon her intended husband the title of Royal Highness, and appointed him a Field-Marshal in the British Army. In Germany the Prince was preparing to take leave of those who hitherto had been all that were near and dear to him; and how great the wrench was may be gathered from his published letters and those of his relatives. But his heart was now in England, and he wrote to the Duchess of Kent: "What you say about my poor little bride sitting all alone in her room, silent and sad, has touched me to the heart. Oh, that I might fly to her side to cheer her!"

The marriage was fixed for Feb. 10, and on the 8th Prince Albert arrived at Buckingham Palace, accompanied by his father, the Duke, and his brother, Prince Ernest, having had a very rough passage across the Channel. On Sunday, the bride and bridegroom exchanged gifts, the Prince presenting the Queen with a beautiful sapphire and diamond brooch, and her Majesty giving to the Prince the star and badge of the Garter, with the Garter itself set in diamonds. The morning of the wedding did not promise auspiciously, being dark and foggy; but this had no effect upon the loyal folk who were to take part in the ceremony, nor upon the spectators who gathered in extraordinary numbers in St. James's Park and in the vicinity of Buckingham Palace. The ladies of the Queen's suite and the gentlemen of the Prince's suite were early driven to St. James's Palace, there to be in readiness to receive the bride and bridegroom. Shortly before twelve o'clock, the Prince's procession set out from Buckingham Palace. Prince Albert was dressed in the uniform of a British Field-Marshal, and wore no other decoration than the insignia of the Order of the Garter. He was supported on one side by his father and on the other by his brother. As the bridegroom came into the Grand Hall he was received with a loud clapping of hands, and to a group of fair ladies who were standing at the entrance he made his acknowledgments with an air of courteous gallantry. His Royal Highness entered his carriage amid the sound of trumpets, the lowering of colours, and the presenting of arms. He was escorted by a squadron of Life Guards to St. James's. On the return of the Lord Chamberlain with the Royal carriages, her Majesty was informed that all was ready, and she then left her apartment, leaning on the arm of the Earl of Uxbridge, the Lord Chamberlain, with her Royal mother supporting her. Loud were the acclamations which greeted the young bride as she crossed the Grand Hall; but her womanly feelings now alone engrossed her, and, with the exception of a hurried glance around, her eye was bent principally on the ground. Upon her head her Majesty wore nothing but a simple wreath of orange-blossoms, and her magnificent veil did not cover her face, but hung down on each shoulder. Her ornaments were a pair of large diamond earrings, a diamond necklace, and the collar of the Order of the Garter. The Duchess of Kent and the Duchess of Sutherland—true mother and true friend—rode with the Queen. As her Majesty stepped into the carriage, the band in front of the Palace struck up "God Save the Queen," and the park at once resounded with the tremendous shouts of the multitude. Great was the reception which greeted the popular young Queen all along the line, and she appeared highly gratified by the exuberant loyalty displayed. Nevertheless, her face wore at times a grave expression, for the ordeal was naturally a trying one. On reaching St. James's Palace, her Majesty was conducted to her closet, there to await the summons to the chapel. The colonnade leading to the chapel was filled with a distinguished assembly, chiefly consisting of brilliantly dressed ladies, all of whom wore a wedding favour of some kind. There was one of the wedding guests who was loudly cheered as he passed along the colonnade, and this was the Iron Duke, the victor of Waterloo. The chapel had been handsomely decorated for the ceremony, and the whole of the floor was covered with rich gold and purple carpeting, having the Norman rose as its prominent figure. To a flourish of trumpets and drums the bridegroom's procession passed along the colonnade. The Prince was received with clapping of hands and waving of handkerchiefs, and it is stated that his pale and pensive looks and handsome appearance won him golden opinions from the ladies. A cordial welcome was also given to the Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Prince Ernest. As Prince Albert walked up the aisle of the chapel, carrying a prayer-book in his hand, he repeatedly bowed to the Peers around him. On reaching the *haut-pas* he affectionately kissed the hand of the Queen Dowager. The Queen's procession then passed along the colonnade and entered the chapel. He

(*Continued on page 14.*)

NOBILITY OF LIFE.

WHO BEST CAN SUFFER, BEST CAN DO.—*Milton.*

The Victorian Reign is unparalleled in the History of Great Empires for its Purity, Goodness, and Greatness!!!

WHAT ALONE ENABLES US TO DRAW A JUST MORAL FROM THE TALE OF LIFE?

Were I asked what best dignifies the present and consecrates the past; what alone enables us to draw a just moral from the *Tale* of Life; what sheds the *purest light upon our reason;* what gives the firmest strength to our religion; what is best fitted to *soften the heart* of man and elevate his soul,—I would answer with Lassues, it is

EXPERIENCE.—*Lord Lytton.*

"J. C. ENO. QUEEN'S HEAD HOTEL, NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE, June 4, 1877.

"Sir,—Will you to-day allow me to present you with this **Testimonial** and **Poem** on your justly celebrated FRUIT SALT. Being the Writer for several first-class London Magazines, and my occupation being a very sedentary one, I came here for a few weeks, in order to see what change of air would do for me, and at the wish of some *personal friends* of mine here, I have taken your FRUIT SALT, and the good results accruing therefrom have been my reason for addressing you.—I am, Sir, yours truly, A LADY."

As sunshine on fair Nature's face,
Which dearly do we love to trace;
As welcome as the flowers in May,
That bloom around us on our way;
As welcome as the wild bird's song,
Which greets us as we go along;
As welcome as the flower's perfume,
That scents the air in sweet, sweet June,
Is Eno's Famous Fruit Salt!

Cool and refreshing as the breeze,
To Headache it gives certain ease;
Biliousness it does assuage,
And cures it both in Youth and Age.
Giddiness it will arrest,
And give both confidence and rest;
Thirst it will at once allay,
And what's the best in every way?—
Why, Eno's Famous Fruit Salt!

The Appetite it will enforce,
And help the system in its course;
Perhaps you 've eaten or drunk too much,
It will restore like magic touch.
Depression with its fearful sway,
It drives electric-like away;
And if the Blood is found impure,
What effects a perfect cure?—
Why, Eno's Famous Fruit Salt!

Free from danger, free from harm,
It acts like some magician's charm;
At any time a dainty draught,
Which will dispel disease's shaft;
More priceless than the richest gold,
That ever did its wealth unfold;
And all throughout our native land
Should always have at their command
Eno's Famous Fruit Salt!

ENO'S "VEGETABLE MOTO."

(A SIMPLE VEGETABLE EXTRACT), *occasionally a desirable adjunct to* ENO'S FRUIT SALT.

As a Laxative, Stomachic, Blood, Brain, Nerve, Bile, or Liver Tonic, it will be found invaluable for creating and sustaining a natural action of the **Stomach and Biliary Secretions.**

In a word—"ENO'S VEGETABLE MOTO" is **Mild, Effective,** and **Agreeable,** and **lasting without force** or **strain. Indigestion, Biliousness,** Sick Headache, Gout, Rheumatism, Female Ailments, Head Affections, Nervousness, Sleeplessness from Liver Derangement, Flatulence, at the commencement of Coughs and Colds, Blood Poisons and their kindred evils, are prevented and cured by the use of the **VEGETABLE MOTO** and **ENO'S FRUIT SALT.**

DUTY.

Knowest thou yesterday its aim and reason?
Workest thou well to-day for worthy things?
What higher aim can Man attain than conquest over human pain?

Calmly wait to-morrow's hidden season;
Need'st not fear what hap so e'er it brings.

A Goaty Rheumatic Condition of the Blood, producing Liver Disturbance, Liver Indigestion, Biliary Derangement, and Persisting Indigestion.

"MR. ENO.—Dear Sir,—I suffered severely for three months, consulted three eminent Medical men, and had three changes of air without any good result; my Liver and Digestive Organs felt as if they had ceased to act; my Stomach was distended with flatulence (wind), so much so that every part of the body was afflicted. My head at night seemed to bear a hundred bells ringing. I was compelled to be propped up in bed; I got very little sleep, for the severe pain under my shoulders and on my left side produced a restlessness not easily described; in a word, prior to using your 'Vegetable Moto' my Nervous System was out of order, rendering life a burden to myself and all near me: I felt there was a very short span between my life and the end of the chapter. Five weeks ago I tried your 'Vegetable Moto.' After three days I was able to take sufficient food to support nature, sleep gradually returned, and my health assumed its usual condition; I continued the 'Motos' five weeks. I can only express my gratitude by saying, make what use you like of this.—Yours, &c., TRUTH. London, 1886."

"ARTILUM-ROAD, OLD KENT-ROAD, S.E., FEB. 7, 1887.

"TO J. C. ENO.—Sir,—For several years I was troubled with a severe Dyspeptic, Bronchial disturbance, causing shortness of breath, particularly in the morning. I took many cough remedies, but they, in fact, only aggravated the irritation in the stomach. At length I tried your 'Vegetable Moto,' and after a few doses found all the bad symptoms leaving me as if by magic; the 'Moto,' by its tonic action, had evidently found the source of the disorder, and I can assert it is the finest remedy I ever had, its effect being so lasting, yet so mild, and if I wish to hasten its action have only to take a small draught of ENO'S FRUIT SALT. An occasional dose of the 'Moto' is all that I now require, but I would not be without a supply of it on any consideration.—I am, Sir, yours faithfully, VERITAS."

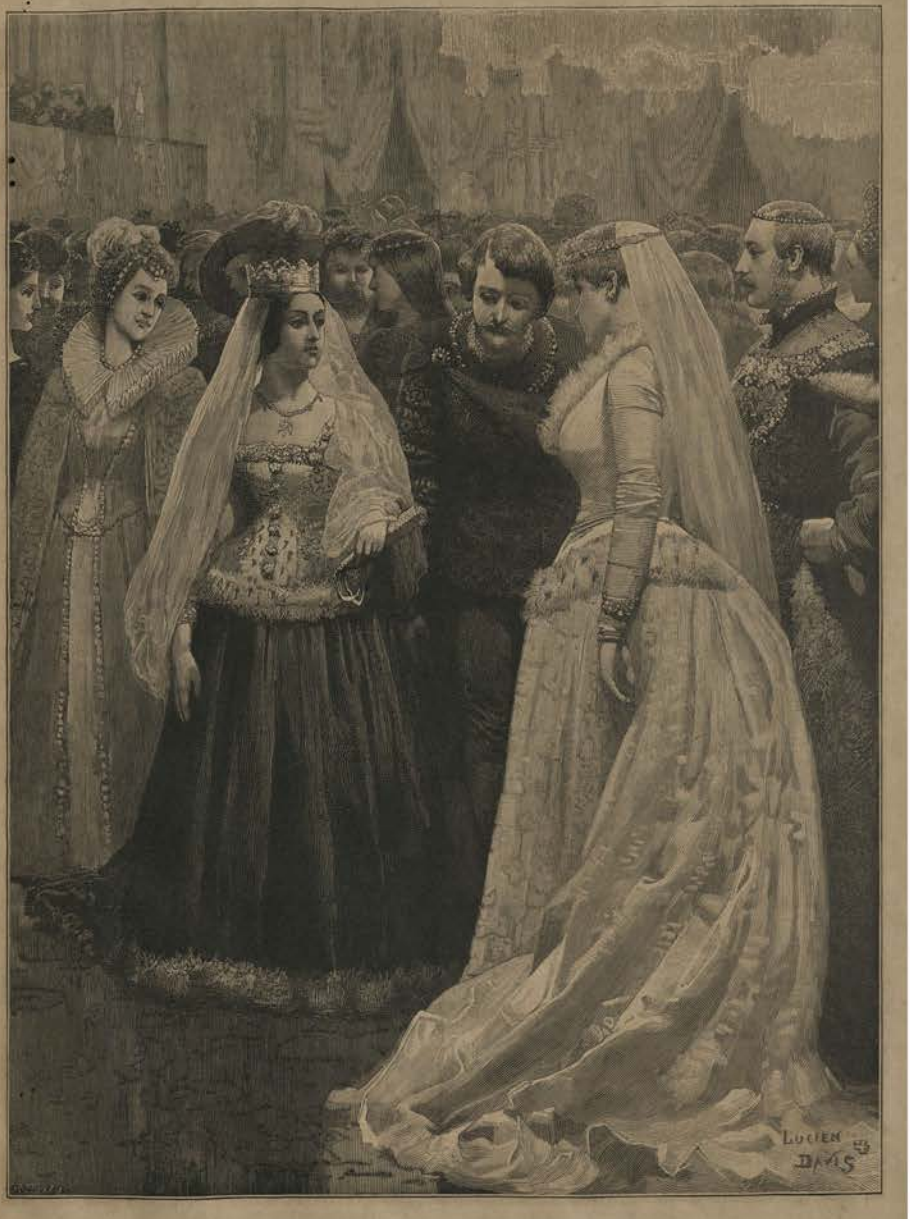
A GENTLEMAN writes: "The 'Motos' are of great value. I have suffered from Biliousness, &c., for upwards of forty years; I have taken ENO'S FRUIT SALT for upwards of twelve years, the 'Motos' about two; I have never known them fail. There is nothing drastic or any discomfort in using them.—N. Y. Z., 1887."

"MY DEAR SIR,—I have taken many antidotes during my life to cause an action on the bowels, but the general effect of your 'Vegetable Moto' is happier in more ways than one; I find them gentle and corrective in their action, and in some mysterious way helpful alike to the stomach and liver. I like to have them always at hand.—YOURS, N. B. C., Strand, W.C., Sept. 13, 1886."

Sold by all Chemists, price 1s. 1½d.; post-free, 1s. 3d. Prepared only at

ENO'S FRUIT SALT WORKS, HATCHAM, LONDON, S.E.

STATE VISIT OF THE QUEEN AND PRINCE CONSORT TO THE OPERA.



HISTORICAL COSTUME BALL AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE, MAY 12, 1842.
Her Majesty as Queen Philippa, Consort of Edward III.

Majesty was preceded by the great officers of State and by her Royal relatives. The Princesses Sophia of Gloucester and Augusta of Cambridge were warmly cheered, and great interest was manifested in the Duchess of Cambridge, who led her beautiful young daughter, the Princess Mary, by the hand. The Duchess of Kent appeared sad and disconsolate—was she not losing a daughter who had hitherto never been away from her? It was noticed also that the Queen was anxious and excited, and paler even than usual. Her dress was of rich white satin, trimmed with orange-blossoms. Her bridesmaids and trainbearers were in white, with roses, and "never had ladies more beautiful graced palace, or hall, or country-green." The National Anthem sounded as her Majesty entered the chapel. On reaching the altar the Queen knelt down upon her footstool, and engaged in her private devotions. After this she sat in her chair of State, until the nobility and the officers of State had all taken their seats. Perfect silence reigned for a few seconds, and then the Queen and Prince Albert rose and advanced to the Communion table. The Archbishop at once began the simple but noble marriage service, the Royal couple being wedded just as myriads of equally happy but obscurer couples had been married before. When the Archbishop asked, "Who giveth this woman to be married to this man?" the Duke of Sussex stepped forward and said, "I do." The Archbishop took the Queen's hand, and, pressing it in that of Prince Albert, pronounced the words in which the bride and bridegroom plighted their troth, they repeating the words after him. The Prince then placed the wedding-ring—a plain gold ring—upon his wife's finger, the Archbishop pronounced the benediction, and an almost instantaneous salute from the park and Tower guns announced to the metropolis that the Sovereign of England was now joined in holy wedlock with one to whom she had already given her heart's affections.

A brief devotional service followed, and the whole rite having concluded, the members of the Royal family paid their congratulations to her Majesty, the Duke of Sussex shaking her warmly by the hand and affectionately kissing her cheek. The Queen Dowager also embraced her. Prince Albert then took the Queen's hand, and the Royal pair left the chapel. The procession was reformed, and the gorgeous spectacle came to an end. On the return of the Royal carriage to Buckingham Palace, the Queen sat hand-in-hand with the Prince; but their hands were clasped together in such a way that the wedding-ring could plainly be seen. The most vociferous cheering, accompanied by clapping of hands and the waving of a forest of white handkerchiefs, marked their entire progress to the Palace. In the afternoon, after the wedding breakfast—which was graced with such a gigantic cake as had never before been seen—the Queen and her husband left Buckingham Palace for Windsor. Her Majesty wore a white satin pelisse, trimmed with swan's down, and a white satin bonnet and feather. All the way to Windsor the Royal couple were the recipients of the most fervid and loyal congratulations; but at Eton, especially, grand preparations were made for their reception. There was a splendid triumphal Greek portico, illuminated by 3000 lamps, and bearing the Royal arms and the inscription "Gratulatin Victoria et Alberto." The Eton boys cheered as only Eton boys can, and the Queen and Prince Albert were agreeably surprised and highly delighted by their reception. Windsor also nobly did its best, the Royal borough being ablaze with illuminations. Happy Queen and happy Prince, as ye enter the walls of that magnificent castle which is henceforth to be your joint home! For, besides the mutual affection which bride and bridegroom bore towards each other, they were secure in the possession of the love and goodwill of every English heart.

IV.

RIEF was the time which the young bride and bridegroom could call their own. Undistinguished persons may enjoy their honeymoon as they will, at home or abroad; but Sovereigns are not so fortunate in this respect as their subjects. The deep and perfect happiness of the heart, however, the Queen enjoyed to the full, for we find her writing to Baron Stockmar: "There cannot exist a dearer, purer, nobler being in the world than the Prince." Nor was this the mere partiality of an enchanted bride, for Prince Albert, who came as a perfect stranger amongst the English people, speedily made his way with all classes of society. His urbanity, his generous sentiments, his love of art, his devotion to philanthropic causes, and his earnest desire to lift the working classes in the social scale soon gave him a name and a place of his own. He continued to grow in favour, and, with the exception of the undeserved obloquy he was called upon to endure in connection with the Crimean War, he stood high in the affections of the British people until his lamented death. As for his relations with his wife, they were noble and beautiful. He cheerfully sank his own individual existence, in order that in all matters, political, social, and personal, he might be hands, ears, eyes, and brain to his loving and illustrious bride. His frank, truthful, and disinterested nature impressed itself upon all with whom he came in contact; and, at the close of his self-sacrificing career, the Poet Laureate expressed but the general sentiment when he described him as "Albert the Good."

The Queen and the Prince had passed but a few months of married life when the first of those dastardly attacks which raised the indignation of the people was made upon the life of the Sovereign. She was driving with her husband up Constitution-hill, when a man leaning against the park railing drew a pistol from beneath his coat and fired at her Majesty. The carriage stopped, and then the miscreant fired a second pistol. Happily, neither shot took effect, and the Queen remained calm. The man, or rather youth, was arrested, and proved to be one Edward Oxford, a discharged pot-boy, who had no motive for his crime. He was found to be insane. The attempt called forth the most enthusiastic demonstrations of loyalty from all ranks of her Majesty's subjects. Some months later there was a more joyful topic to engross the people, for in November the Princess Royal was born. In August, 1841, the Queen was called upon to part with Lord Melbourne, who went out of office and was succeeded by Sir Robert Peel. "For four years I have seen you every day," said the retiring Minister to her Majesty, "but it is so different from what it would have been in 1839. The Prince understands everything so well, and has a clever, able head." This tribute to her husband greatly touched and gratified the Queen. On Nov. 9, the Prince of Wales was born, and the advent of a male heir to the Crown was hailed by the most joyful and universal acclamations. But in the midst of peace at home, the Court was soon disturbed by the news of the sad events in Afghanistan, with the disastrous march from Cabul. Ultimately, Sindh was annexed to British territory, and this was followed, at a later date, by the annexation of the Punjaub and the kingdom of Oudh to British India.

I do not propose to trace in detail the events of her Majesty's married life, for these may be read at

(Continued on page 15.)

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For Sore Mouths in Sheep and Lambs.
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From His Grace the Duke of Rutland, Master of Belvoir Hunt.

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From Lord Hastings, Tryngham, Prestonkirk, N.B.

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SIRS,—Will you please send Universal Embrocation for Rheumatism; I find my self much relieved by it, and am getting better as well, and appreciate it as much as it deserves.

To Messrs. Elliman, Sons, & Co.

Extract from a Letter received from Mr. Gill, Patrick, Hon. Sec. Hartlepool Athletic Association.

May 16th, 1886.

With respect to your Universal Embrocation, I may say that some of the members of our Rowing Club (I myself included) took one bottle each last season, and found it very good indeed. I feel sure that if you were to put it before the Rowing Clubs in the North of England, and that, we have not numbers in the County ranks, you will see that the Universal Embrocation has a reputation here.

Yours obediently,

G. PATRICK.

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For Overreaches, Chapped Heels, Wind Galls.
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For Foot-rot in Sheep.
For Sprains, Cuts, and Bruises in Dogs.

SPECIMEN TESTIMONIALS.

From H. L. Lutyeche, Esq., Workman House, Hereford.

Castle Weir, Kington, Herefordshire.

December, 1879.

GENTLEMEN,—I use the Royal Embrocation in the stables and kennels, and have found it very serviceable. I have also used the Universal Embrocation for Lumbago and Rheumatism for the last two years, and have suffered very little since using it.—R. D. PRICE, Lieut.-Col.,

Master of the Herefordshire Hounds.

December 23, 1885.

SIRS,—Elliman's Royal Embrocation is used in my stables, and I consider it very necessary to be without it. I also use it in my kennels, and find it most valuable.—H. L. LUTYEICHE,

Master of North Herefordshire Foxhounds.

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Extract from a Letter received from a Justice of the Peace.

Feb. 21, 1887.

During the past two or three months I have been suffering greatly from Lumbago, and I am glad to find that I should recover permanently if I used an after treatment recommended, as, after trying various remedies, I obtained no relief. About a fortnight ago a friend advised me to try your Universal Embrocation, and its effect has been magical with me, so short a time, and my first bottle is not yet half empty.

You are at liberty to show this letter to anyone and to publish the letter if you think fit, only reserving my name and address. I do this purpose; but you may refer anyone to me who is troubled (as I have been) with Lumbago.

I shall in future keep a good stock of the Embrocation on hand, for the use of my friends.

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THE "LANCET":—"Excellent quality. No taste. Of much value in wasting diseases."

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BITES AND STINGS OF INSECTS.

It is the most perfect Emollient Milk for the Skin ever produced, and being perfectly harmless, is

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THE QUEEN CONFERRING THE ORDER OF THE GARTER.

length in my "Life of the Queen," and in other biographies of the Sovereign. It will be sufficient here briefly to survey the leading incidents. In 1842 there was so much suffering in England, with rioting in the mining districts, that, to encourage trade, a great number of costly entertainments, &c., were given, and the most magnificent of these was the famous Plantagenet Ball, given by the Queen at Buckingham Palace. The Court of Edward III. and Queen Philippa was exactly reproduced, her Majesty and the Prince taking those Royal characters. The dresses of the whole company were most gorgeous, and jewels blazed in great profusion everywhere. Altogether, it was the most splendid spectacle of its kind ever witnessed at an English Court. In the months of May and July two more attempts were made to assassinate the Queen, the first by a man named John Francis, who was tried and sentenced to banishment for life; and the second by a chemist's assistant named Bean. Her Majesty bore herself very courageously under these dastardly attempts, and when she appeared, safe and sound, again amongst her people she was greeted with one long shout of hurrahs. But in consequence of these crimes against the Queen's person, a Bill was passed constituting them high misdemeanours, and punishable as such; and under this law Bean was convicted, and sentenced to eighteen months' imprisonment.

Passing from grave to gay, there is a delightful account of a visit paid by Mendelssohn to Buckingham Palace at this time. He was received in the most friendly and gracious manner by the Queen and the Prince, whose admiration for, and proficiency in, music were well known. The great composer first played to his Royal auditors, and then the Queen sang two of Mendelssohn's own songs. Writing to his mother a full account of his reception by her Majesty, the composer said, "She sang 'Pilgerspruch,' 'Isse dich nur' really quite faultlessly, and with charming feeling and expression. I thought to myself: one must not pay too many compliments on such an occasion; so I merely thanked her a great many times; upon which she said, 'Oh! if only I had not been so frightened! Generally, I have such long breath.' Then I praised her heartily, and with the best conscience in the world; for just that part with the long C at the close, she had done so well, taking it and the three notes next to it all in the same breath, as one seldom hears it done; and therefore I was amazed me doubly that she herself should have begun about it." Mendelssohn was delighted with his visit, being put at his ease in that admirable way which her Majesty employs with such grace. At the close of August, 1842, the Queen and the Prince paid their first visit to Scotland, voyaging in the Royal George yacht from Leith to Edinburgh. There was a Royal entry into the Scottish capital, and the illustrious visitors were vociferously cheered during their progress. They went over Edinburgh Castle, being greatly interested in everything touching that ancient and impregnable structure. Her Majesty and Prince Albert were splendidly entertained at Dalkeith Palace by the Duke of Buccleuch, and they took many lovely drives through the scenery dear to Sir Walter Scott. The Highlands were next visited, the Queen being especially pleased with her stay at Taymouth Castle, the beautiful seat of Lord Breadalbane. Everything was perfectly new and enjoyable to the travellers—the magnificent mountains, lochs, and forests—and the Queen wrote many years afterwards, "Albert and I were then only twenty-three, young and happy." The year 1843 brought the Royal couple another babe, the Princess Alice; a child destined to be a great comfort to both in their later days of trial and affliction. Prince Albert, happy in his own home, and ever anxious to further the happiness of others, was at this time instrumental, with the Duke of Wellington, in practically abolishing the custom of duelling in England. A peculiarly sad occurrence of this nature had filled the Prince with his humanitarian resolve. A thoroughly enjoyable voyage the Queen and her husband made in August, visiting the main points of the Isle of Wight, Dartmouth, Plymouth, and Falmouth. Then they crossed over to France, and spent several bright and sunny days *à la campagne* with the King of the French, and his Queen Marie Amélie. A visit to her Majesty's uncle, King Leopold, followed, and then came visits to Cambridge (where the Prince received his degree of LL.D.), Drayton, Duckworth, and Belvoir. Prince Albert lost his father in January, 1844, and the Queen wrote to Baron Stockmar: "My darling stands so alone, and his grief is so great and touching. He says (forgive my bad writing, but my tears blind me), I am now *all* to him. Oh, if I can be, I shall be only too happy." These are the heart-glimpses of Sovereigns we delight to have, and nothing could be more beautiful, or show more devotion, than the letters which the Queen and Prince wrote to each other, during a fortnight's enforced absence of the latter in Germany. After Prince Albert returned, there arrived at Windsor, on a visit, the strange, handsome, gloomy, taciturn Czar of All the Russias, the Emperor Nicholas. A proud and haughty Monarch indeed he was, though he made his bed on a truss of straw, which he carried about with him from place to place. While rough towards others, he quite won upon the Queen because of his admiration and affection for her husband, of whom he said, "I wish however my son." In August, Prince Alfred was born, and a month later the Queen and Prince Albert, with their eldest child, made a second journey to Scotland, on this occasion exploring the lovely Perthshire Highlands, and mixing in the unsophisticated life and customs of the country. Of one pony ride to the top of the hill of Tulloch, which commands a splendid view, her Majesty wrote: "The most delightful and the most romantic ride I ever had." On returning to Windsor the Queen received a visit from Louis Philippe, and shortly afterwards she opened the new Royal Exchange in the City, which bears the inscription, suggested by Prince Albert, "The earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof." In the ensuing winter her Majesty received at Windsor Sir Robert and Lady Sale, who narrated the story of their terrible sufferings in Afghanistan. After her Majesty had

The Queen and Prince Albert in Ireland, 1849.

prorogued Parliament in June, 1845, she paid her first visit to Germany, accompanied by Prince Albert. At Bonn the Queen was introduced to many professors who had known her husband as a student. A very interesting incident took place at a banquet given at the Royal palace of Brühl. In proposing the Queen's health, the King of Prussia referred to a word sweet alike to British and German hearts. Thirty years before it had echoed on the heights of Waterloo. "Now it resounds on the banks of our fair Rhine, amidst the blessings of that peace which was the hallowed fruit of the great conflict. That word is 'Victoria!'" Baron Bunsen remarked that "the Queen bowed at the first word, but much lower at the second. Her eyes brightened through tears; and, as the King was taking his seat again, she rose and bent towards him and kissed his cheek, then took her seat again with a beaming countenance." In the evening there was a grand illumination of the Rhine at Cologne, and next day, in connection with the Beethoven Festival, there was a fine concert at Bonn. At Mayence the Queen first saw Prince Louis of Hesse, "a very fine boy of eight, nice, and full of intelligence." From Mayence the Royal travellers made for Coburg, where King Leopold and Queen Louise were awaiting them. Ernest, Duke of Coburg, rode forth to meet the Queen and Prince Albert; and as they entered the town under a triumphal arch, a number of young girls dressed in white, with green wreaths and scarves, presented them with a bouquet and verses. Her Majesty was naturally much moved on finding herself in her husband's native town. The charming little palace of the Rosenau, Prince Albert's birthplace, was assigned to the Royal couple for their residence. They occupied the very room in which the Prince was born, and the Queen wrote in her journal, "How happy, how joyful, we were on awaking to find ourselves here at the dear Rosenau, my Albert's birthplace, the place he most loves! . . . He was so happy to be here with me. It is like a beautiful dream." Every day brought its delights, but the time was all too short. By a strange coincidence, however, the last day which the Queen spent at Coburg was her husband's birthday, and it was kept with real heart-gladness. Proceeding to Gotha, the Queen saw the Prince's grandmother, who had had much to do with his upbringing, and to whom he was devotedly attached. She was a charming old lady of seventy-four, and she was so delighted on seeing her Albert's young wife that she kissed the Queen over and over again. It was with much regret—though the sorrow was mingled with happiness as they thought of their home-treasures—that the Queen and Prince Albert turned their faces towards England. Ever afterwards this visit to Germany was marked with a white stone in both their memories.

England suffered from a reckless railway mania in 1845, and the great event of the succeeding year was the repeal of the Corn Laws. This act broke up the Conservative party, but it saved the people; and by his wise patriotism and self-sacrifice Sir Robert Peel earned the lasting gratitude of the British nation. While the country was in the throes of the Corn-Law conflict the Princess Helena was born. About a month later Peel was driven out of office on the Irish Coercion Bill, and Lord John Russell became Premier. Writing to King Leopold on July 7, her Majesty said: "Yesterday was a very hard day for me. I had to part from Sir Robert Peel and Lord Aberdeen, who are irreparable losses to us and to the country. They were both so much overcome that it quite upset me. We have in them two devoted friends." But the Queen had yet a nearer one upon whom she could rely. "Albert's use to me, and I may say to the country, by his firmness and sagacity in moments of trial, is beyond all belief." Once she said, respecting her husband, "I pray God never to let me survive him." But the inscrutable Wisdom willed it otherwise. Another pleasant holiday was spent amid new scenes in the autumn of 1846. The Queen and Prince, with their two elder children, made yachting excursions to Weymouth, Torquay, Plymouth, and up the Tamar; then to Guernsey, Jersey, Falmouth, Penrhyn, Penzance, St. Michael's Mount, Land's End, Fowey, and Looe withal. In September, the new part of Osborne House was occupied by the Royal family for the first time. There was a house-warming, and, at the desire of the Prince, a quaint hymn of Luther's was sung. "God bless our going out and coming in." July, 1847, witnessed the installation of Prince Albert as Chancellor of Cambridge University. The proceedings were both brilliant and interesting. The Queen was present, and she had not only to assure the University that its choice of a Chancellor had "her most entire approbation," but she was the recipient of an address read by her husband, which not rather amused others, but agitated and embarrassed her Majesty. An installation ode written by Wordsworth was performed, and there were great rejoicings and festivities. In August, the Queen and Prince again visited Scotland, going by water, and remaining a night on the Scilly Islands on their way.

The year 1848 was one of revolution. The discontent of the French people led to the deposition of King Louis Philippe, who fled to England; and the revolutionary wave spread to many European capitals. England was not without her troubles, but her heart was sound, and, having a constitutional Sovereign, and being in the enjoyment of popular rights, she passed through this period of upheaval unscathed. Princess Louise came in March to cheer the hearts of the Royal couple, who, with the rest of the country, were much moved by the events transpiring at home and abroad. The work of the Queen may be imagined when it is stated that during this fateful year no fewer than 28,000 despatches were received or sent out, [illegible] Foreign Office; and all of these came under her cognisance. Her Majesty's first stay at [illegible] the home which to her is full of the sweetest [illegible] lections—was made in the September of 18[illegible] described Balmoral as "a pretty little castle, in the [illegible] Scottish style. There is a picturesque tower and [illegible] in the front, with a high wooded hill; at the back [illegible] is a wood down to the Dee; and the hills [illegible] around." Her Majesty and the Prince made the [illegible] of Lochnagar, celebrated by Byron; but it was [illegible] discover it enveloped in mist. Before this year [illegible] Queen heard of the death of her old friend and [illegible] Lord Melbourne. His end was sad and melancholy [illegible] and sincerely," wrote her Majesty, "do I deplore the loss of one who was a most disinterested friend [illegible] and most sincerely attached to me. He was, indeed, the first two years and a half of my reign, almost

only friend I had, except Stockmar and Lehzen." On May 19, 1849, another attack upon the Queen was made by an Irishman named Hamilton, as she was driving in a carriage, with three of her children, up Constitution-hill. Hamilton fired ineffectually with a pistol, which was subsequently found to contain no ball. He was tried under the Felons' Act and sentenced to seven years' transportation.

In the training of their children, whom they always had about them, her Majesty and the Prince Consort decided that they should be brought up as simply and as domestic a way as possible. They were taught to place the utmost confidence in their parents, to put their trust in religion, and to have great reverence for their Creator. A pure and just life was inculcated in preference to any creed. In August of the year last mentioned, the Queen and Prince Albert, with their four children, visited Ireland. At Cork, Waterford, Dublin, and Belfast, they were received by the sons and daughters of Erin with a welcome which had never been transcended in enthusiasm either in England or Scotland; and the Royal travellers were enchanted with the beauty of the Irish scenery and the attractions of the capital. Before leaving the country, her Majesty created the Prince of Wales Earl of Dublin, as a tribute to the Irish nation.

On May 7, 1850, the Queen's third son was born. He was named Arthur, after her Majesty's honoured friend and illustrious subject the Duke of Wellington. Only a few weeks after the birth of Prince Arthur, her Majesty was subjected to a most disgraceful and dastardly attack upon her person. One Lieutenant Pate struck the Queen with a cane, crushing her bonnet and inflicting a severe wound upon her forehead. Pate, who was the son of a Cambridgeshire gentleman, had frequently been seen loitering in the Park. When his trial came on he pleaded insanity, but the jury brushed this plea aside, and he was sentenced to seven years' transportation. Several deaths of note, all affecting her Majesty and the Prince, occurred this year, including those of Sir Robert Peel, the Duke of Cambridge, Louis Philippe, and the Queen of the Belgians. The year 1851 witnessed the fruition of one of the dearest projects of the Prince Consort. On May 1 the Great Exhibition was opened in Hyde Park, with great pomp and ceremony, by her Majesty. The scene was grand and unique, and, writing afterwards concerning it, the Queen said, "It was one that can never be effaced from my memory, and never will be from that of anyone who witnessed it. Albert's name is immortalised, and the wicked reports of dangers of every kind, which a set of people—viz., the so-called fashionables, the most violent Protectionists—spread, are silenced. It is, therefore, satisfactory that all should have gone off so well, and without the slightest accident or mishap. Albert's emphatic words last year, when he said that the feeling would be that of deep thankfulness to the Almighty for the blessings which He has bestowed on us here below, were this day realised." The Exhibition was a great international success, and reflected the utmost credit upon its originator, the Prince Consort. In the ensuing October the Queen and Prince visited Liverpool and Manchester, making Royal progresses through those towns, and being everywhere received with the most unbounded enthusiasm. A strange and unlooked-for stroke of fortune befell her Majesty in July, 1852, when an eccentric barrister, named John Camden Nield, died, and left to her, absolutely, a legacy of £250,000. But before the year closed, and while her Majesty was in Scotland, she received news of a very melancholy character. The sad intelligence was conveyed to Balmoral that England's greatest hero, the Duke of Wellington, had passed away from this mortal scene. "One cannot think of this country," said her Majesty, "without the Duke, our immortal hero." The veteran warrior was given such a funeral as no British subject has ever received either before or since, and the whole nation mourned his loss. In April, 1853, the Queen's fourth son, Prince Leopold, was born at Buckingham Palace; and in the following autumn her Majesty and Prince Albert paid a second visit to Ireland, for the purpose of opening the Dublin Exhibition. They remained a week in the Irish capital.

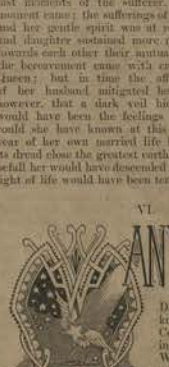
V.

NO EPISODE in the Queen's long and glorious reign caused her more pain and anxiety than the Crimean War, though those feelings were to some extent compensated for by the heroic valour of the British troops. But the differences between statesmen at home, which led to a constant shuffling of the Ministerial cards, and the gross mismanagement of the commissariat at the seat of war, affected her Majesty keenly. Moreover, she was wounded in her tenderest affections by the unfounded charge levelled against the Prince Consort, that he was acting as a hostile influence behind the Throne, and endeavouring to thwart the plans of the popular War Minister, Lord Palmerston. To Lord Aberdeen the Queen wrote thus, both as Sovereign and woman: "In attacking the Prince, who is one and the same as the Queen herself, the Throne is assailed; and she must say she little expected that any portion of her subjects would thus requite the unceasing labours of the Prince." The accusations against the Prince were warmly and completely refuted by Lord Aberdeen in the Upper, and Lord John Russell in the Lower, House of Parliament, and the whole nation was soon convinced of their baseless character. In March, 1854, England declared war against Russia in the interests of Turkey and of Europe, and the Queen visited Spithead to review the fleet under Sir Charles Napier before it sailed for the Baltic. Allied French and British troops went out to the Crimea, and English hearts thrilled with pride when the news of the conspicuous bravery of our soldiers at the battles of the Alma, Balaclava, and Inkermann reached this country. There was terrible suffering in the ranks and in the hospitals; but it was assuaged, as far as it could be, by the noble exertions of Florence Nightingale and her devoted band of nurses. Meanwhile, there were dissensions in Parliament, and the Sebastopol inquiry was loudly called for. Writing to Lord Raglan, her Majesty said: "The bravery her noble troops serve, the more poignantly and heroically they bear all their trials and sufferings, the more miserable we feel at their long continuance." Europe was startled, on March 2, 1855, by the news of the sudden death of the Emperor Nicholas, the proud, unbending Autocrat of All the Russias, and the author of the war which was deluging the East with blood. In the following month, the Emperor of the French and the Empress Eugénie paid a visit to her Majesty at Windsor. Our ally and his beautiful consort were most cordially, and even affectionately, received by the Queen and Prince Albert; and crowds of war, reviews of troops, &c., were held during their visit; festivities on a grand scale also not being forgotten, while there was also a State visit to the Crystal Palace. Louis Napoleon was not very popular with many classes in this country; but his reception, generally, was more hearty and enthusiastic than the Queen feared or expected. On May 18, there was a touching spectacle in front of the Horse Guards, when her Majesty personally distributed medals to some of the heroic soldiers who had returned from the Crimea. Poor Sir Thomas Troubridge, who, though still young, had had both his feet shot away, was a mark of special attention on the part of the Sovereign; and he exclaimed with deep emotion, "I am amply repaid for everything." In August, her Majesty and the Prince Consort returned the visit of the Emperor and Empress of the French, and were greatly charmed both by their reception and their occupations in the French capital. In the ensuing September, while the English Court was staying at Balmoral, the joyful intelligence arrived that Sebastopol was in the hands of the Allies. This virtually concluded the war, and the Peace of Paris was signed on March 30, 1856. The Queen and Prince reviewed the troops at Aldershot on April 18, and remained for the night in camp, in a pavilion prepared for their use. A second visit was paid to Aldershot, in July, when the Queen reviewed the troops returned from the Crimea. Her Majesty addressed them in terms which drew forth from the brave fellows an electric burst of enthusiasm. "I think God that your dangers are over," she said, much moved herself as she spoke, "while the glory of your deeds remains; but I know that should your services again be required, you will be animated with the same devotion which in the Crimea has rendered you invincible." Now that the conflict in the East was over, it was with feelings of thankfulness and repose that the Queen and Prince went north at the close of August to their Scottish home. Balmoral was now a charmed spot to both; and it was destined to become still more tenderly and painfully dear to the Queen-wife as the years went on. The property originally belonged to the Prince, and it was in the form of a bequest in his will that it was left by him to the Queen. It is beautifully situated on the Dee, and, like Invergelder, commands fine glimpses of the grand mountain ranges of Cairngorm, Gheugaru, and Lochnagar. How dear the place is to her Majesty, with the village of Crathie and its surroundings, may be gathered from many a passage in her "Journal," perhaps the most frank, ingenuous, and interesting personal record ever indited by a Sovereign. At Balmoral were spent many of the most halcyon days in the Queen's life, when—with her husband still by her side to cheer and sustain her, and the prattle of her bright and affectionate children, making the best of all music—it seemed as though her cup were full to overflowing of happiness.

Domestic events of a different character quickly supervened after the close of the Crimean War. The Queen lost her brother, the Prince of Leiningen, in November, and the blow was a heavy one, for she loved him dearly; but, on April 14, 1857, a new life came when the Princess Beatrice, her Majesty's fifth daughter and last child, was born at Buckingham Palace. Two months later the Queen personally distributed the Victoria Cross, or Cross of Valour, in Hyde Park, to the veterans returned from the Crimean War, and in July she visited Manchester to open the Exhibition. Gloomy news arrived from India in September. A terrible mutiny had broken out at Meerut, and there were not wanting those who asserted that this was the beginning of the end of British rule in India. Delhi was taken, and the massacre of Cawnpore filled all England with horror. Eventually Lucknow was relieved by Havelock, and the mutiny suppressed by Lord Clyde. By Act of Parliament the East India Company was abolished, and the Government of India was transferred directly to the British Crown.

The first break in the Queen's own family occurred in January, 1858, when the Princess Royal became the wife of Prince Frederick William of Prussia. The wedding took place at St. James's, and the beautiful and gorgeous scene must have brought back vividly to her Majesty her own marriage eighteen years before. The final parting, when the bride and bridegroom set out for Germany, was very hard, both for mother and daughter. "I clasped her in my arms," writes the Queen in her diary, "and blessed her, and knew not what to say." In August the Queen and the Prince Consort visited the Emperor of the French on the inauguration of Cherbourg, and a few days afterwards proceeded to Germany to visit their newly-married daughter in her own home at Babelsburg. On their return her Majesty and the Prince proceeded to Leeds for the purpose of opening the new Town-hall. It was a great day for the old Yorkshire town. The Queen was enchanted with her progress and her reception, observing: "Nowhere have I seen the children's names so often inscribed. On one large arch were even 'Beatrice and Leopold,' which gave me much pleasure." In June, 1860, her Majesty held the first great Volunteer review, in Hyde Park. This patriotic movement, which originated only in the preceding year, had already attained such dimensions, that 20,000 Volunteers were upon the ground. The Queen was in the Royal carriage with Princess Alice, Prince Arthur, and King Leopold, but the Prince Consort rode. The movements were perfectly successful. In the following month her Majesty attended the first meeting of the National Rifle Association, at Wimbledon, and instituted the Queen's annual prize of £200. Another grand display of Volunteers was witnessed in Queen's Park, Edinburgh, in August. Out of a total of 30,000 Volunteers enrolled in Scotland, 18,000 were present in the Park and were reviewed by her Majesty. The Royal party went from Edinburgh to Balmoral, and during their stay there, the Queen, Prince Albert, and the Princesses Alice and Helena ascended Ben Macdhui, not for the first time. On this occasion they travelled incognito, however, and stayed for a night at a village inn, greatly enjoying the secrecy and freedom of the excursion. In the following February, her Majesty and the Prince Consort celebrated the twenty-first anniversary of their wedding-day, and the Queen wrote to King Leopold, "Very few can say with me that their husband, at the end of twenty-one years, is not only full of the friendship, kindness, and affection which a truly happy marriage brings with it, but of the same tender love as in the very first days of our marriage." But already were the shadows gathering over that happiness. The first sad and sorrowful event occurred in March, 1861, when the Queen's mother, the Duchess of Kent, was seized with mortal illness. Her Majesty was with her revered and beloved parent at the last, holding her hand, as the dews of death stole over her face. Upon her knees the Royal daughter waited in agony for the last moments of the sufferer. At length the final moment came; the sufferings of the Duchess were over, and her gentle spirit was at rest. Never had mother and daughter sustained more nobly or more perfectly towards each other their mutual natural relations; and the bereavement came with crushing force upon the Queen; but in time the affectionate ministrations of her husband mitigated her grief. Well is it, however, that a dark veil hides the future. What would have been the feelings of the afflicted Queen could she have known at this time that the very last year of her own married life had begun—that before its dread close the greatest earthly calamity which could befall her would have descended upon her; and that the light of life would have been temporarily extinguished!

VI.



ANY ENGLISHMEN can yet vividly recall the universal grief which spread over the nation when, on that fatal Sunday, Dec. 15, 1861, it became known that the Prince Consort had passed away in the preceding night. When the good perish untimely there seems something inscrutable in the ways of Providence—a mystery which cannot be resolved now, but may be unriddled by-and-by.

One stroke such as the death of the Prince brings with it so vast a paraphernalia of woe, of crushed hopes and blighted happiness, that it may well stun and conquer the bravest heart. In the closing months of the last fateful year of his life the Prince Consort had enjoyed great and unalloyed happiness. With his loving and faithful wife, and three of their

THE QUEEN'S FIRST VISIT TO SCOTLAND: EDINBURGH, SEPTEMBER 5, 1842.

THE QUEEN DISTRIBUTING DECORATIONS TO WOUNDED OFFICERS AND SOLDIERS FROM THE CRIMEA, MAY 21, 1855.

children—Alfred, Alice, and Helena—they had visited Ireland, revelling in the beautiful scenery of the Killarney district, and visiting the Curragh Camp, where the Prince of Wales was on active service. Then they proceeded to Balmoral, profoundly appreciating the quietude of their Scottish retreat, and making pleasant expeditions amongst the mountains. Yet after one excursion to Cairn Ghalsiic, we find her Majesty writing, as if with prophetic insight: "Alas! I fear my last great one." But a few weeks passed after the return to Windsor before the Prince began to manifest symptoms of great weakness and weariness, yet he would not give way; and when the affair of the Trent threatened to result in war between this country and the United States, it was mainly owing to the Prince Consort's laborious efforts that the dire calamity was averted. The last public work he did was in connection with this question, and he drew out an important despatch when he had scarcely strength to hold the pen. But while the shadows lifted from the nation, they gathered more ominously over the Royal household. Each day as it passed, instead of bringing strength to the Prince, silently, but surely, sapped what little he had. The patient seemed to have a dread of fever, which he declared would be fatal to him, and Dr. Jenner and Sir James Clark gave the Queen hopes that it might be staved off. Symptoms, however, were soon manifest that fever had seized upon him, and they was frequently "a strange, wild look" upon his face. On Sunday, Dec. 8, the Prince was moved into a larger and more airy room, the very apartment in which both George IV. and William IV. had died. His constant companion, the Princess Alice, remained with him while the rest of the family had gone to service in the chapel, and as she played and sang her father's favourite hymn, "A strong tower is our God," his eyes were filled with tears. This Sunday was the last which the Prince spent upon earth, and it was "a very blessed one for the Princess Alice to look back upon," for her gentle ministrations soothed and sustained the sufferer. While the Princess's own heart was almost breaking, she maintained a cheerful bearing, knowing that upon this depended the fortitude of her mother. The Prince could not speak to the Queen of himself, for she could not bear to listen, and endeavoured to shut her eyes to the danger. But whenever the Queen was by the Prince's side the irritability and restlessness characteristic of the disease would vanish, and he would tenderly caress her cheek and whisper loving words in German—such as, "Dear little wife, good little wife." The Prince of Wales was summoned from Cambridge, though Sir James Clark still said he had seen a recovery in worse cases. But on the morning of the 14th the Queen noticed a change in the patient's face. It was suffused with an unearthly beauty, and the eyes, though dazzlingly bright, were fixed on vacancy. By the afternoon it was seen that life was fast ebbing away. The children came into the sick room, and one after the other took their father's hand, but he made no sign of recognition. Then the members of the Prince's household came in and kissed their dying master's hand, all being deeply moved. Shortly before the end came, the Queen bent over her husband, and said in German, "It is your little wife." The patient recognised the voice and bowed his head and kissed the Queen. As his gentle spirit passed away, the devoted wife knelt by her husband's side, holding his hand, their children also kneeling around. At a quarter to eleven o'clock the Prince died.

When the melancholy news was flashed by telegraph to all parts of the Empire, it filled the nation with sadness. There was a spontaneous and universal feeling of sympathy with the Queen in her unspeakable sorrow. Human affections are the same in all bosoms, and while the nation mourned a noble, high-minded, and sagacious Prince, the Queen and her children mourned a loving husband and father. For many days the silent grief of her Majesty was painful to witness, and grave fears were entertained for her own health. At length, "tir'd Nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep," intervened, and to this succeeded the benign influence of tears. The Prince's funeral took place at Windsor on Dec. 23, and very touching was this melancholy ceremony. The Prince of Wales was chief mourner, and as he stood at the grave side, with hands clasped, looking down, all his fortitude deserted him, and he burst into a flood of tears, covering up his face. Prince Arthur, who stood by, had, until the last moment, kept unmovingly, and there was not a murmur present who did not feel the keenness and most heartfelt sorrow; for he who had gone was beloved of all. The honoured dead had "worn the white flower of a blameless life," for into all the relations of life he had striven to import the Christian virtues of integrity, forbearance, uprightness, and a loving sympathy.

VII.

THE CRUSHING blow which fell upon her Majesty left her in a position of great and utter loneliness. "There is no one left to call me Victoria now!" she pathetically exclaimed on one occasion, and no language could more painfully illustrate the depth of the Sovereign's bereavement. In connexion at time she came to speak of her loss to her faithful friend and counsellor, the Rev. Dr. Norman Macleod. She spoke of the Prince's excellencies—his love, his cheerfulness, and devotion, adding that as her highest ideas of purity and love were obtained from him, God could not be displeased with her love. But her own grief did not cause her to forget that of others, and when the terrible Hartley Colliery disaster occurred, she sent a message to the effect that "her tenderest sympathy is with the poor widows and mothers, and that her own misery only makes her feel the more for them." A few years after the death of the Prince, when a speaker at a Reform meeting, at St. James's Hall, complained of her Majesty's seclusion, Mr. Bright, who has never been a flatterer of the great, uttered some noble words in the Queen's defence. "I think," he said, "there has been by many persons a great injustice done to the Queen in reference to her desolate and widowed

(Continued on page 25.)

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THE LEGEND OF MURKI TAHK

As Told 2000, A.D.

In Murki Tahk, long years ago, Just after Gabek's sad disaster,
Confusion reigned o'er all, and woe Befell that Afric City's Master.
The Potentate upon his Throne, Grew Wild With grief, and shame, and fears to
('Tis needful that the truth We own. Much reason had he for his fears too!)
By looking at the woodcut here,
You'll twig that gushing Monarch's silent tear.

The crime of Gabek's Wicked thought (Was now beginning to be seen, oh!)
Dire Was the punishment it brought, And everyone was filled With spleen oh!
For hour by hour things blacker grew, The very people's forms got darker!
How to relieve it no one knew; The same fate seized each Murki-Tahkker.
The King indignant, please observe;
Likewise, forsooth, the Courtier's graceful curve.

For years things went on getting worse, And Europeans scoffed and tittered;
No prayers availed to move the curse, Each Afric bore his lot embittered.
But when four thousand years had passed, The reigning Monarch had a notion:
"I've got the tip," he cried, "at last; I'll set the Daily Press in motion."
Behold the aspect of the Kingly face,
So redolent of Beauty and of Grace.

The Premier knew a thing or two (He'd had an English education).
Said he, "That's just the thing to do. Your daughter's hand the compensation."
The King dictated, as his wont, "Who cures our blackness has the prize, oh!"
And as for him Who tries, and don't, He'll have no time for future trice, oh!"
By casting to your left your optic,
You'll get a view of life entirely Coptic.

In 1880 odd, A.D., The fame of **"Crosfield's Soap"** had spread so,
That every other Soap, you see, Before its virtues long had fled. So
When the "Murki" came to hand, And Crosfield read the Proclamation,
He sent some Soap to that far land, And soon had whitened all the nation.
The joy of thus again being clean
In Murki-Tahk to (note the Illustration) seen.

So ends the tale of **Murki-Tahk**:
It may be true, or not; What matter?
'Twas stated as a fact, or—lark,
Most probably, indeed, the latter.
But this is what the Sailor told,
Who'd landed in that country tropic,
How each one there, both young and old,
Was full of this engrossing topic,
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Drawn by J. R. Herbert, R.A.—[From the Illustrated London News.]

THE QUEEN, IN 1846.
After G. E. Dawe.—[From the Illustrated London News.]

position. And I venture to say this, that a woman—be she the Queen of a great realm or the wife of one of your labouring men—who can keep alive in her heart a great sorrow for the lost object of her life and affection, is not at all likely to be wanting in a great and generous sympathy with you." The applause that followed these words testified to the deep hold which the Queen has upon the affections of her people.

There were soon more partings in the Royal family, though not of a poignant nature, like that of the loss of the Prince. In July, 1862, the Queen was called upon to bid farewell to Princess Alice, who, with her husband, Prince Louis of Hesse, went to her own home at Darmstadt. The separation was keenly felt, for the Princess had been a great solace to her Royal mother in her widowhood. She came to England again in the following December, when the remains of the Prince Consort were removed from the vault beneath St. George's Chapel to the noble mausoleum prepared for them by the Queen and the Royal children at Frogmore. Over the sarcophagus of the Prince rests a recumbent figure of the departed, by Baron Marochetti. A few days after the removal of the Prince's remains, the Queen was presented with a sumptuously bound Bible, the gift of "loyal English widows." Her Majesty wrote an affectionate letter of thanks to the Duchess of Sutherland, as the representative of the band of sympathising sister widows, expressive of her deep and heartfelt gratitude. Referring to her lost husband, she said, "The only sort of consolation she experiences is in the constant sense of his unseen presence, and the blessed thought of the eternal union hereafter, which will make the bitter anguish of the present appear as naught." An event which gave rise to national rejoicings occurred in March, 1863, when Princess Alexandra, the fair flower of Denmark, came

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over to become the bride of the Prince of Wales. The wedding took place on March 10, in St. George's Chapel, Windsor, and never had the sun shone on a fairer bride, or one who so soon captivated the affections of the British people. The illuminations and the festivities throughout the land, in honour of this auspicious marriage, are not likely to be soon forgotten. On May 9, the Queen paid a long visit to Netley Hospital, in which she and the Prince had always taken a deep interest. She went through many of the wards, and spoke in particular to an old soldier from India, who lay at the point of death. The poor fellow exclaimed, "I thank God that he has allowed me to live long enough to see your Majesty with my own eyes!"—a speech which greatly touched the Queen and Princess Alice. When the Court went to Balmoral, in August, her Majesty visited the Prince's cairn on Craig Lowrigan. It bore the following inscription:—"To the beloved memory of Albert, the great and good Prince Consort. Raised by his broken-hearted widow, Victoria R., Aug. 21, 1862. 'He being made perfect in a short time fulfilled a long time; for his soul pleased the Lord; therefore hastened He to take him away from among the wicked.'—Wisdom of Solomon, iv., 13, 14." During this visit to Balmoral an alarming accident happened to the Queen, while returning, with Princesses Alice and Helena, from an expedition to Altnaguithasse. The night being very dark the carriage was overturned, and her Majesty was thrown to the ground with great force, slighting upon her face. The traces of the carriage were cut and the horses got up unhurt. The Princesses were released without injury, but the Queen's face was a good deal bruised and swollen, and a little claret was all that could be got to bathe it with. Eventually, Balmoral was reached in safety. A few days afterwards her Majesty went to Aberdeen to unveil Marochetti's statue of the Prince Consort. This was the first time she had appeared in public since her husband's death, and she was very nervous, trembling through the entire ceremony. In the succeeding January Prince Albert Victor, the eldest son of the Prince and Princess of Wales, and the direct heir to the Crown, was born. The Queen and the nation alike rejoiced at the news. When President Lincoln was assassinated, in 1865, the Queen wrote, with her own hand, a touching letter of condolence to his widow. In the autumn of the same year the popular statesman, Lord Palmerston, died; and on the 9th of December following her Majesty sustained a still severer loss in the death of her uncle, King Leopold, who had been her affectionate friend and adviser from the moment she ascended the throne.

The Queen opened the first Session of her seventh Parliament in person on Feb. 6, 1866. In March she instituted the Albert Medal, for the saving of life at sea, and she also presented Mr. Peabody with her portrait, to mark her sense of his munificent gifts on behalf of the poor of London. The Queen's third daughter, Princess Helena, was married in July of this year to Prince Christian of Schleswig-Holstein. In June, 1867, her Majesty entertained the Queen of Prussia at Windsor Castle, and this august visitor was shortly followed by the Sultan of Turkey, and subsequently by the Empress of the French. In May, 1868, her Majesty laid the foundation-stone of St. Thomas's Hospital, and in the ensuing August left England for Switzerland, travelling for a month *incognita* as the Countess of Kent. Blackfriars Bridge and the Holborn Viaduct were opened by the Queen on Nov. 6, 1869; and in the course of the next May she formally opened the new buildings for the University of London. The Franco-German war broke out this year, involving at its close the utter ruin of the Imperial family of France. Before the year ended the Queen visited the Empress Eugénie at Chiselhurst, sympathising with her over the sudden and overwhelming disasters which had fallen upon the Emperor and herself. On March 21, 1871, the Princess Louise was married to the Marquis of Lorne, the ceremony, as in the case of Princess Helena, taking place in St. George's Chapel, Windsor Castle. The splendid building at South Kensington, known as the Royal Albert Hall, was opened by the Queen on the 29th of the same month, in the presence of a large and brilliant assembly. The building was erected at a cost of £200,000. In responding to an address read by the Prince of Wales, her Majesty said: "I wish to express my great admiration of this beautiful hall, and my earnest wishes for its complete success." In the ensuing December the Queen hastened to Sandringham, in consequence of the alarming illness of the Prince of Wales. His Royal Highness was suffering from typhoid fever, and his condition was critical. Happily, on Dec. 14—the anniversary of the Prince Consort's death—the illness took a favourable turn. The Prince gradually recovered, to the great joy of the Royal family and the nation, and on Feb. 27, 1872, a Thanksgiving Service was held in St. Paul's Cathedral. The Queen, the Prince and Princess of Wales, and the Princess Beatrice received a continuous ovation in their progress to the metropolitan Cathedral. The day was observed through the entire country as one of national rejoicing. Two days after the happy celebration at St. Paul's, as the Queen returned to Buckingham Palace from a drive in the Park, a lad named Arthur O'Connor rushed to the side of the carriage, and held out a pistol in his right hand towards the Queen, and a paper in his left. He was seized by John Brown, her Majesty's personal attendant. The pistol was found to be unloaded, and the paper was a petition for the release of the Fenian prisoners. O'Connor was brought up for trial, and sentenced to one year's imprisonment with hard labour, and a whipping with a birch rod. A severe loss befell the Queen in September, when she received tidings of the death of her valued friend and spiritual adviser, Dr. Norman Macleod. He had often brought sunshine into the Royal household, and the Queen wrote concerning him: "No one ever raised and strengthened one's faith more than Dr. Macleod. How I loved to talk to him, to ask his advice, to speak to him of my sorrows, my anxieties! But, alas! how impossible I feel it to be to give any adequate idea of the character of this good and distinguished man."

* * * * *

For her poorer subjects her Majesty has always evinced much consideration and solicitude. That they have not been slow in recognising this was proved by the truly British reception given to the Sovereign on April 2, 1873, when she visited the Victoria Park, in the East-End of London. The enthusiasm of the crowds which lined both sides of the thoroughfares was unbounded. In May the Queen received the melancholy news of the death of one of her grandsons, the little Prince Frederick William of Hesse, who had been killed by falling from his bedroom window. Other events—flecked now with joy and now with sorrow—rapidly succeeded each other. On Jan. 23, 1874, the Duke of Edinburgh was married, at St. Petersburg, to the Grand Duchess Marie of Russia, and on their public entry into London in March, the bride and bridegroom were warmly received. Her Majesty visited Gosport in April, when she inspected the regiments returned from the Ashantee War, and personally conferred the medals awarded for conspicuous bravery. Sir Garnet (now Lord) Wolseley was the most distinguished of the recipients. Much pain was caused to her Majesty in August, 1875, when she was an involuntary witness of the collision between the Royal yacht Alberta and the yacht Mistletoe, belonging to Mr. Heywood, of Manchester. The sister-in-law of Mr. Heywood and the Master of the Mistletoe were drowned. The Queen personally assisted in the restoration of the other sufferers. In October of this year the Prince of Wales made a lengthened tour through her Majesty's Indian dominions. The tour was most successful and strengthened the loyalty of our Eastern fellow-subjects. Not long afterwards Lord Beaconsfield carried the Royal Titles Bill through Parliament, and under its provisions the Queen was proclaimed Empress of India. Her Majesty was frequently seen by her subjects in the year 1876. In March she opened the new wing of the London Hospital, built by the Grocers' Company, at a cost of £20,000, while altogether the public contributed the sum of £90,000 for the enlargement of this noble hospital. Two days later the statue of the Prince Consort, which forms the central figure in the magnificent Albert Memorial, was unveiled, and soon afterwards the Queen visited Germany, travelling under the name of the Countess of Kent. On her way back, she rested a night in Paris and had an interview with Marshal Macmahon, the President of the French Republic. On Aug. 17 she was in her Scottish capital, when she unveiled the colossal equestrian statue of the Prince Consort, a fine composition, the work of Sir John Steell. In December, 1877, her Majesty honoured Lord Beaconsfield with a visit at Hughenden, driving through the ordinarily quiet town of High Wycombe amid a scene of great enthusiasm. Before leaving Hughenden the Queen and the Princess Beatrice planted trees on the lawn as a memorial of their visit. The year 1878 brought deep sorrow and bereavement with it. On Dec. 14, the anniversary of her father's death, the lamented Princess Alice died, falling a victim to her motherly devotion. She succumbed to a severe attack of diphtheria, caught from her children, one of whom expired four weeks before. The Queen wrote a letter thanking her subjects for the universal expressions of sympathy called forth by the death of her beloved daughter. At Balmoral her Majesty erected a cross of Aberdeen granite in memory of the Princess, which bore the tender inscription: "To the dear memory of Alice, Grand Duchess of Hesse, Princess of Great Britain and Ireland. Born, April 25, 1843: died, Dec. 14, 1878. This is erected by her sorrowing mother, Queen Victoria. 'Her name shall live, though now she is no more.'" Other deaths which greatly affected the Queen were those of the Prince Imperial and the Earl of Beaconsfield. To the memory of the latter a monument was erected in Hughenden Church "by his grateful and affectionate sovereign and friend, Victoria, R.I. 'Kings love him that speaketh right' (Prov. xvi., 13)." Another marriage occurred in the Royal family in March, 1879, when the Duke of Connaught espoused the Princess Louise of Prussia, the wedding being celebrated at St. George's, Windsor. A painful shock was experienced in England by the assassination of President Garfield, and her Majesty communicated the expression of her sorrow and her sympathy with Mrs. Garfield and the American nation. An attempt was not long afterwards made upon the Queen's own life. As she was entering her carriage at Windsor Station, on March 2, 1882, she was fired at by a man named Maclean, but fortunately escaped uninjured. The man was arrested, and found to be insane. The two Houses of Parliament unanimously adopted addresses expressing horror and indignation at the attempt made upon the Queen's life, and congratulating the Sovereign upon her escape. At the close of April, 1882, St. George's witnessed another Royal wedding—that of the Duke of Albany with the Princess Helen of Waldeck. Her Majesty soon again appeared in public, proceeding in State on May 6 to Epping Forest, for the purpose of declaring it to be open for the enjoyment of the people for all time. In the December following she formally opened the New Law Courts in the Strand. The ceremonial was very imposing, and her Majesty and the Prime Minister, Mr. Gladstone, were loudly cheered as they appeared on the scene. In March, 1883, the Queen unfortunately met with an accident in Windsor Castle. She received a severe sprain from a fall, which for months prevented her walking or moving about. She had scarcely recovered her usual health when she was called upon to bear another heavy trial in the death of her youngest son, the Duke of Albany. While staying at Cannes for the benefit of his health, the Duke had slipped on ascending a stair at the Cercle Nautique, severely injuring his knee. During the night a fit of apoplexy supervened, and his Royal Highness expired in the arms of his equerry. The body was brought home and interred at Windsor. The Duke was able and highly cultivated, and in the qualities both of his mind and heart resembled the princely virtues of his august and honoured father. Universal sympathy was expressed for the Queen and the widowed Duchess in their bereavement. The notable event of the year 1885 was the marriage of Princess Beatrice, the youngest daughter of her Majesty, and for many years her inseparable companion, to Prince Henry of Battenberg. The wedding was solemnised in the little church of Whippingham, in the Isle of Wight. The Queen's most recent appearances amongst her subjects will be fresh in the public recollection. She opened the session of 1886 in person; laid the foundation-stone of the new Medical Hall on the Victoria Embankment; declared

The Queen and Prince Albert in Ireland, 1849.

THE ENTRANCE FRONT, OSBORNE.
Photographed by Colonel Stuart Worley, by special permission of her Majesty.

THE QUEEN VISITING A POOR COTTAGER AT BALMORAL.

THE QUEEN VISITING NETLEY HOSPITAL, MAY 9, 1887.

she went through many of the wards, and spoke in particular to an old soldier from India, who lay at the point of death. The poor fellow exclaimed, "I think God that He has allowed me to live long enough to see your Majesty with my own eyes!"

open the Indian and Colonial Exhibition; visited Liverpool to inaugurate the International Exhibition, and opened the Royal Holloway College for Women at Egham.

The present year also has witnessed several public appearances of the Sovereign. On March 23, accompanied by Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg, she visited Birmingham for the purpose of laying the foundation-stone of the Victoria Law Courts. The capital of the Midlands was en fête, and all along the line of route traversed by the Royal cortège, and amounting to some five miles of streets, her Majesty met with a most enthusiastic reception. She expressed herself as most gratified by these loyal greetings. At the close of March, the Queen journeyed to the South of France, in order to make a stay of some weeks at Aix-les-Bains. With her daughter, Princess Henry of Battenberg, she took up her abode at the Villa Mottet, where she received a visit from Princess Louise. During her stay at Aix-les-Bains, her Majesty visited Cannes, occupying the Villa Edelweiss, which Mr. Augustus Savile had placed at her disposal. The Queen went over the Villa Nevada, and remained for some hours alone in the room in which the lamented Prince Leopold expired, being deeply overcome by her emotions. On April 23, accompanied by Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg, her Majesty made an excursion to the famous Monastery of the Grande Chartreuse. The Father Superior conducted the illustrious visitors through the entire building, including the portion tenanted by nuns. The Queen was the first Protestant lady, as the ex-Empress Eugénie was the only Catholic one, who had ever been allowed to view the interior. On April 28, the Queen left Aix-les-Bains and travelled to Cherbourg, whence she embarked on the return voyage to England. An excellent passage was made to Portsmouth, and Windsor was reached in due course. Her Majesty had considerably benefited by her stay abroad. Not long after her return, the Queen once more manifested her deep interest in the welfare of the humbler portion of her subjects by visiting the East-End, on May 14, with the object of declaring open the People's Palace at Mile-end. This project, which owed its origin to the Beaumont Trust, elicited much public interest and support.

Her Majesty has never failed to consider the interests and the welfare of her subjects whenever and wherever possible. In regard to legislation she has ever been a wise and constitutional Sovereign, consulting the expressed wishes of the nation, as in the case of Mr. Gladstone's Irish Church legislation, and in all Parliamentary and social reforms. For genius of every kind she has always felt a warm admiration, whether it be for Dickens and George Eliot in fiction, Landseer, Gibson, and others in art, Carlyle and Tennyson in literature, Rachel in the drama, and Mendelssohn, Jenny Lind, and others in music. How sympathetic her nature is may be well understood from the touching letters she wrote upon the death of Principal Tulloch; and the same tenderness of heart has been manifested in her relations towards her dependents at Windsor, Osborne, and Balmoral: while her generosity and sympathy have gone out also towards the poorest of the poor. Many are the anecdotes illustrative of this aspect of her character. At Osborne she has been found by the bedside of a bed-ridden old cottager, reading to him the Scriptures; while at Balmoral she has frequently entered the tenements of the poor, where, with kind hands, she has administered gifts to aged women, or smoothed the dying pillow, preparing the sufferers for death. If her Majesty has been a model Sovereign, she has been none the less a model wife, mother, and friend. May the day be far distant when we can no longer greet her as the Queen of this mighty Empire!

VIII.

AIR is filled with the sound of Jubilee; and in a thousand forms, and by numberless memorials, it is intended to celebrate her Majesty's long and glorious reign. From London to Calcutta, from Melbourne, from Melbourne to Montreal, the Anglo-Saxon race is animated by one thought, is moved by one glowing impulse of enthusiastic loyalty. And the half-century of British history which is just drawing to a close is indeed worthy of all commemoration by Englishmen at home and by our kin beyond the sea. I cannot close this sketch without recounting some of the more important legislative and other reforms which have made the reign of Our Sovereign Lady the Queen illustrious. First, the curse of slavery has been abolished throughout the British dominions; while, at home, a criminal code which once befitted only a barbaric nation, has been re-written in the Statute-Book, upon the lines of justice and humanity. The Poor Law has been radically reformed, and the gigantic monopoly of the Corn Laws has been swept away. The labour of English workmen has been set free, and provision has been made against those calamities which formerly, by culpable neglect and recklessness, swept away hundreds and thousands of unfortunate workmen. Lord Shaftesbury and other philanthropists nobly secured the natural rights of women and children, and procured the removal of evils which were a disgrace to a civilised and Christian country. Education has been placed within the reach of all, and the aspiration of George III. has been rendered possible of fulfilment—"I hope the time will come when every child in my dominions will be able to read the Bible!"

By the great development of the printing press, moreover, England has been able to lead the world. The taxes on knowledge, which rendered newspapers and books the exclusive appanage of the few, have been abolished, and knowledge is now the common property of all. The penny post has brought the poor nearer together; the electric telegraph has almost abolished time and space. Railways convey the people and their merchandise from place to place with cheapness, celerity, and efficiency. The House of Commons has been made, in very truth, the people's House of Parliament by the widening of the bounds of representation. Workers of all kinds labour for fewer hours, and receive higher wages for their work. Religious grievances have been done away with; church rates no longer chafe one portion of the population, and the laws affecting births, marriages, and deaths have been liberalised. The Universities have been unable to escape the wide reforming zeal, and now they are open to all classes of the community. The repeal of the Malt Tax and of the Navigation Laws set many industries free, and gave them an ever-widening scope. Flogging in the Army and promotion by purchase have been abolished; and reforms have been effected in all the Civil establishments of the country. A crusade against brutality in all its forms has begun, which augurs well for the humanitarian character of the rising generation. Crime is, happily, diminishing, for while in the United Kingdom the proportion of criminals to population in 1874 was 1 in 1760, in 1884, with a much larger population, it was only 1 in 2500. Respect for religion is also advancing among the people; the Church of England has vastly enlarged her borders, and the various Dissenting bodies can exhibit a similarly satisfactory result.

If we look abroad, and take India in particular, the condition of things is equally encouraging. The progress in the dominions of the Empress of India has been marvellous. The magnificent celebrations which have already taken place in our Eastern Empire signalise great events. During the last fifty years the boundaries of the British rule have been extended by the addition of the Punjaub and Burmah, and by other great annexations. The various Indian codes have been extensively modified and simplified. The government of our great Indian dependency has been transferred from the East India Company direct to the Crown. Railways have opened up the country, and the system of irrigation has been vastly improved by the Public Works Department. Sanitary reforms have been initiated; trade has largely increased in volume; and education is already obtaining a wide hold upon the people. And while all this has been done in India, the Colonies have not lagged behind. These noble offshoots from the mother-stock were once governed from Downing-street, but now they have their own administrations and governments. Canada and the Australias are living witnesses to Anglo-Saxon energy, ability, and enterprise. The rapid development of the Colonies is one of the wonders of British history: and this development has been accompanied by an increased attachment to England. There never was a time wherein was manifested so ardent a spirit of loyalty towards the Queen, or so cheerful an acceptance of the claims of Imperial unity. The British Empire, in this year of grace, presents the noble and imposing spectacle of a people separated indeed by land and by sea, but knit together in the bonds of amity and goodwill.

At this unique period in the nation's history one universal aspiration rises from the four quarters of the world, "God save Queen Victoria! and long send her to reign over a happy, a united, and a prosperous people!" As we think of the trials which she has been called upon to bear, a feeling of sympathy wells up from every heart; and as we rejoice over the illustrious record of her reign, we are filled with gratitude to the Supreme for the progress, the enlightenment, and the happiness which must mark the Victorian era as the most distinguished epoch in the annals of the Anglo-Saxon race.

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THE DONKEY, NOW OF GREAT AGE, ON WHICH ALL THE ROYAL PRINCES AND PRINCESSES HAVE RIDDEN AS CHILDREN AT OSBORNE.
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SPANISH OXEN AND CART, OSBORNE.
PRESENTED BY THE INFANTA EULALIE TO THE QUEEN.
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THE DRAWING-ROOM, OSBORNE: THE QUEEN AT HOME.
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